Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

JANUARY



Another FREE song—
Complete Words and
Music of a new hit
tune by SAMMY KAYE

REUNION AFTER DIVORCE — What a Young Girl's Broadcast Meant to BETTE DAVIS

In Story Form **SECOND HUSBAND** The Intimate Diary of a Young Widow's Search for New Love and Happiness

ARE YOU

Embarrassed

WHEN PEOPLE GLANCE

Your WAY



BECAUSE OF

PSORIASIS

LESIONS?





BUSINESS PROGRESS

Few men or women can make headway in business if always embarrassed or self-conscious because of psoriasis lesions. Such blemishes are a bar to employment or advancement. Nor can women wear the sheer garments which add so much to charm. Instead, they tend to dress for concealment.

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It seems cruel—psoriasis sufferers—to remind you of the hardships which you undergo and the heartache and mental anguish you constantly endure because of your unsightly psoriasis lesions. Nor is it strange if you become self-conscious and shrink from even the most casual glance. Perhaps even now external psoriasis lesions are depriving you of business and social contacts. If you are handicapped in this way, then try—

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Siroil tends to remove those crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and are located on the outer layer of the skin. Should such lesions recur, light applications of *Siroil* will help to keep them under control. This is an accomplishment above price to psoriasis sufferers. And thousands of men and women in all walks of life have written to the *Siroil* Laboratories expressing their thankfulness.

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NAME _____

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SIROIL AT ALL DRUG STORES

ROUGH Cbr1



• *Tailored simplicity in plaid with schoolgirl collar, buttoned blouse and below-the-elbow sleeves.*

He first admired her Tartan Plaids but he lost his heart to her lovely smile!



Your smile is priceless—it's YOU! Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush". Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter teeth!

HOW QUICKLY a bold, bright plaid can capture the eye of a man. But it takes a smile, a bright and sparkling smile, to hold his rapt attention.

For without a radiant smile, a girl wins not admiration, but indifference. Pathetic the one who spends hour after hour selecting the style that best becomes her—but ignores "pink tooth brush."

Don't let such tragic neglect threaten *your* smile. Remember "pink tooth brush" is a warning that gums are being neglected—a warning you should heed.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The very first time your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* It may not be serious—but get his advice. He may say that yours is another case of "lazy gums"—gums robbed of vigorous chewing by modern, soft foods—gums that need the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Every time you brush your teeth put a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your brush or fingertip and massage it into your gums. You feel a pleasant, exhilarating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means circulation in the gums is awakening—gums are being helped to health and to strength.

Get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage show you how bright and lovely your smile can be!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JANUARY, 1940

VOL. 13 No. 3

Radio and Television Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

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What do you want to say?

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize $10.00

Second Prize ..... $ 5.00

Five Prizes of ..... $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than December 26, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

FIRST PRIZE
Not So Silly

'TWAS nothin' that could please the ole man,
From mornin' till evenin', he was "Groucho" in person,
Till one day across an ad I ran,
"Don't be blue, listen to the world rehearsin'",
Without hesitation, I had one installed,
And by "It" it seems we were all enthralled,
So a "Radio" will and did for sure,
Make a new man of dad, what a cure!
Of "Glooms" now for sure, we are rid,
So thanks to radio for what it did.
P.S. That's silly, isn't it? But it's the honest to goodness truth. I also want to say since we have the radio, I was and am a steady RADIO MIRROR customer.—Miss Josephine Grabowski, Detroit, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE
Wouldn't It Be Wonderful?

The spirit of Christmas moves the hearts of all people and many of them often wish they could make the Christmas of others as happy as their own.

Here is something that these people can do: Most every town and city of the United States has various hospitals and homes for the aged and poor. Many of these hospitals and homes have few if any radio sets for the hundreds of people who might well enjoy them. If you feel that you can afford to make a present of a radio, I am sure that it will bring happiness to those people who might not otherwise have the opportunity to listen to music and other features that we in the outside world take so much for granted.—Joseph Croughwell, New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE
Will Wonders Cease?

Radio has done a great deal to reshape my mode of living. At 7 A.M. I start for the front door at the sound of the morning paper hitting the stoop, but I'm interrupted by the news broadcast bringing me the headlines *first.*

At 8:30 A.M. my shopping list for the day is completed, but before noon I've rehashed the entire list because various programs have broken through my sales resistance and changed the pattern of my menus. The kitchen clock is covered with dust, but I never notice it because the radio keeps me abreast of the time.

Now, if some sponsor can arrange a program that'll get my dishes washed, my floors mopped, and Junior's home-

(*Continued on page* 69)

Honey BEAUTY ADVISOR says **"RED, CHAPPED HANDS SPOIL A LOT OF FUN!"**



NICER-LOOKING HANDS... *in a jiffy!*

IMAGINE! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps chapped hands look smoother, feel softer! Extra-creamy, extra-softening—Hinds brings soothing comfort. Tones down redness... smooths away rough chapping. Now contains Vitamins A and D. $1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ sizes.

NEW! Hinds Hand Cream — In Jars. 10¢, 39¢.

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HINDS FOR HANDS

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network — Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station

IN NEW SANTA CLAUS PACKAGE
Hinds big gift size—in holiday red, with fat Santas all over it. Looks gay, looks impressive.

Congratulations!

■ Radio Mirror announces the winners of its television contest

FINALLY weary, eye-strained editors have laid aside the last of your letters. They have an announcement to make: twelve of you who read Radio Mirror have won in the television contest which so many entered early this fall. To six go beautiful Philco television sets with which to fill the days and evenings with new magic. To the others, those equally magic portable radio sets that play wherever you are.

Perhaps you would like to know how most of you voted. Well, for instance, with scarcely a dissenting voice, you have all raised a hand in favor of male television announcers. Now that must come as a rude surprise to those program producers in Radio City and elsewhere, for just about every television program I've ever seen has had a feminine announcer in one capacity or another. Which seemed natural to me. You prefer the male—apparently willing to sacrifice the pulchritude of feminine announcers.

Then, you were unanimous in saying that you wanted your television programs in the evening. Proving, I would guess, that listening to the radio during the day doesn't interfere with running a satisfactory household, but that having to sit down to watch the television screen would seriously interrupt the routine of housekeeping.

And—while not quite so unanimous, most of you decided that you would continue to go to the movies just as much as you do now. That is important. Because so far, Hollywood has shown such great fear of losing you as a customer, should television become a part of your daily lives, that it has almost flatly refused to cooperate in any way with this new entertainment field.

Another surprising (at least to me) outcome of your voting was the preference of so many for news events as a television program. I somehow had thought of this as a masculine field of pleasure. Yet hundreds of women checked this type. As many, however, said that lessons in how to do things—cooking, sewing, etiquette, dancing, make-up—would be welcome. The one thing you all pretty well agreed on was how much you'd enjoy seeing your favorite dramatic program televised. The thrill of seeing the First Nighter broadcasts, or the Lux Radio Theater, obviously captured your imagination.

Last on the questionnaire came the thought-provoking query: "The radio or movie star I would most like to see in a television program is:"

And here everyone of you had her own idea of what star would bring the most television pleasure. Though I noticed a few names cropping up more often than the rest: Don Ameche, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Bette Davis, Deanna Durbin were a few.

NOW to the really important part of this message of congratulations—the names of those who won Radio Mirror's television contest. The six who won beautiful Philco Television sets:

Frances Rountree, Hole Center, Texas
Marian W. Lamb, Portland, Oregon
Gilson Willets, San Francisco, Calif.
Rev. Julian S. Fayme, New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Robert McLean, Burlingame, Calif.
Lillian Russell, Quincy, Mass.

Those whose entries were picked out as the six next most interesting to the judges, and who will be sent portable radios are:

Mrs. Harry Steinhart, Maplewood, N. J.
Mrs. J. R. Williamson, Memphis, Tenn.
Loraine Jarvey, Lakewood, Ohio
Mary Schubert, Tacoma, Wash.
H. B. Jordan, Cheyenne, Wyoming
Mabel Mears Cullinan, Arlington, Vermont

Thank you for making this contest such a grand success. And to you who didn't win, my deep appreciation for your interest.

Before we meet again next month, may I recommend to you two half hours of very pleasant listening for the winter hours—for music immediately after dinner, Tune-up Time, with Tony Martin who is doing a grand job, Andre Kostelanetz and Kay Thompson, Monday evenings on CBS; and for novelty a little later in the evening, Alec Templeton, who makes me laugh out loud with his musical mimicry, Monday nights on NBC-Red.

A last word—you may be interested to know that Kate Smith has joined our staff of editors. In future issues, look for her name on our cooking pages where she will bring you her favorite and most successful recipes. I hope that's good news for you who have been wanting to brighten up the dinner table with new dishes.

Be sure and look for us with our new issue on sale December 27. We'll be wearing an exquisite Madeleine Carroll portrait on the cover.

—FRED R. SAMMIS



THIS prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

Eight Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that breed in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started? Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Missouri.*





BEFORE AFTER

NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!

The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

By KEN ALDEN

GLENN MILLER replaces Paul Whiteman on the CBS ciggie show December 27. The trombone-playing, bespectacled protege of Tommy Dorsey is now in first place in the hearts of jitterbugs, surpassing even the great Arthur Shaw.

* * *

Carmen Lombardo told me that Guy will not use their kid sister Rose Marie in the Roosevelt Hotel grill or on their commercials, but might try her out on special performances.

* * *

Benny Goodman is back at the Waldorf-Astoria and doing a grand job. He is really looking forward to his concert engagement in Town Hall on January 10.

* * *

Chalk down Johnny Green as Tin Pan Alley's latest proud papa. It was a baby girl and the mother is ex-film actress Betty Furness.

* * *

Additions to your favorite bands: Sammy Kaye has added Dale Cornell, recently of Ray Kinney's band, to his brass section. Jimmy Fitzpatrick took over third trumpet chair in Hal Kemp's band.

* * *

Clear-voiced Stuart Allen, for years Richard Himber's crack vocalist has stepped out to handle his own band.

* * *

Big blow to Jimmy Dorsey's band was resignation of drummer Ray McKinley, who, with Wilbur Schwichtenberg, is forming a new dance band.



■ Arranging the music for a Texaco Star Theater program: Kenny Baker, David Broekman, Frances Langford.

FACING THE MUSIC

THE MUSIC FACTORY

OUT in Hollywood where special musical bridges are an integral part of big coast to coast dramatic shows like Star Theater, Lux, Silver Theater, and Woodbury Playhouse, concocting these scores is a big job. So orchestra leaders like Dave Broekman and Meredith Willson have converted their offices into music factories.

To turn out the vast amount of music needed on a sixty-minute program, Star Theater director Dave Broekman has a staff of eight. Here's how they work:

After the dramatic script is written, Broekman composes the original music. For Kenny Baker and Frances Langford's songs, as well as orchestral specialties, the bushy-haired conductor selects standard numbers from his large library or from the vast army of song pluggers.

Then comes a check-up with the dramatic producer and soloists. Keys are established. The styles and arrangements okayed. Broekman returns to his factory and outlines the entire show to his staff of arrangers, copyists, and librarians. When the staff has the entire week's music in mind, arrangements are sketched by arrangers Ray Harrington, Sid Cutner, Charles Henderson, and Sid Fine. The arrangers first work separately. The finishing touches are done in collaboration under Captain Broekman.

Copyists write out the arrangements for the twenty-nine individual pieces. All work is done by hand.

The final step is preparation for the weekly broadcast. All the tunes are put in numerical order for each musician. This is done by copyist Charlie Eggert on a giant music rack.

The music factory's sole expenditure is the library, valued by Broekman at $30,000. It's carefully catalogued by custodian Ben Berenblatt, who can supply any piece of music at a minute's notice.

THE ALL STARS

EVER since Herculean Horace Heidt first organized a dance band fifteen years ago, he has defied all the traditions carefully observed by the majority of maestros.

His first outfit in California had the conventional small dance band combination of five men. In addition he employed the services of an amazing canine. Lobo, the dog, stole the act.

When the band played New York's Palace theater, kingpin of them all, in 1929, Lobo was still occupying the star dressing room, but never had blasé New Yorkers seen so many talented members in one dance band.

Still Horace Heidt wasn't satisfied. More revolutionary ideas came into his head and his heart told him they would work. Absent from New York for a good many years, he arrived in the swank Bowman Room of the Hotel Biltmore, with a new bag of tricks.

They just didn't play conventional dance music, these bold Brigadiers. First it was the toy band, then Alvino Rey's electric guitar. The band clicked

(*Continued on page* 62)



■ Vivacious Peggy Adams, right, is Horace Heidt's vocalist. That's her boss waving at you, just behind the musical note.

STOO-DENTS!

He's Here....On the Screen....Radio's Rage!

THE OLD PROFESSOR

And His College of Musical Knowledge

In a Roaring Full-Length Feature

Comedy-Romance!

RKO RADIO'S SCREEN SCOOP OF THE SEASON!

KAY KYSER

ADOLPHE MENJOU

"That's Right - You're Wrong"

With MAY ROBSON
LUCILLE BALL
DENNIS O'KEEFE
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
ROSCOE KARNS
MORONI OLSEN

And KAY KYSER'S BAND
Featuring these prize pupils
GINNY SIMMS
HARRY BABBITT
SULLY MASON
ISH KABIBBLE

RKO RADIO PICTURE • PRODUCED and DIRECTED by DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by William Conselman and James V. Kern



MAKING LOVE!

MAKING MUSIC!





"MAKING" HOLLYWOOD!

MAKING FUN!



REUNION after

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

■ The true story of the dramatic broadcast which may yet spell new happiness together for Bette Davis and the man she still loves





■ Harmon Nelson, above, and Bette Davis, right, with Pamela, the young girl whose radio career brought about another meeting of Ham and Bette after their divorce.

IT isn't because the Bette Davis-Harmon Nelson story is unusual that it is so sad. It is because it is commonplace, something that happens to so many bewildered men and women. Every day dozens of couples go to the divorce courts, not because that is what they want to do but because they can't endure the incessant irritation which some outside influence has introduced into their lives. And often, after these couples separate, they realize their arguments had no valid basis and they wish something might happen to bring them together again. They are satisfied that if they could meet, before too much time and too many experiences came between them, they would have a chance to reclaim their married lives.

In most cases, however, nothing ever does bring separated couples to any meeting. Bette and Ham were lucky.

Sometimes Fate is disguised as a slip of a girl with freckles spattered on her nose, expectancy lighting her eyes, and nervousness turning her hands into little lumps of ice . . . a slip of a girl like Pamela Caveness the night she made her debut on the Raymond Paige broadcast on CBS.

That was a great night for Pam. And everyone in the broadcasting studios—the audience, the orchestra and the technical staff—knew it. So when her voice lifted with the first phrase of her song, there were many, aware of the drama of the moment, who had a catch in their throats.

But very few in the studio were mindful of a far greater drama that took place that evening. Because the dark young man and the crisply golden girl with whom this drama was concerned, stood quietly on the sidelines and gave no sign that be-

DIVORCE

ing together there was important to their hearts and maybe to their very lives . . . even if their divorce decree was being ground through the courts at that very moment.

It had been five months since Bette Davis and Ham Nelson had finally decided that love was not enough to hold them together; five months since Bette had taken their pattern of marriage and destroyed it by a simple announcement to the papers. And now she was standing beside Ham again.

Yes, Bette and Ham were lucky. The slip of a freckle-faced girl, Pamela Caveness, had brought these two together once more, and if happiness is to be theirs again, they must always breathe a silent prayer of thankfulness to the radio broadcast on which Pamela made her debut.

BETTE couldn't have foreseen the dramatic role that radio was to play in her private life the day that Ham brought Pamela to her. For that was over a year ago and Bette still clung to the illusion that love, deep enough and true enough, could hold a husband and wife together and weave a design of happiness for them.

"This is Pamela," Ham said, "a little girl who can have a brilliant future if we just give her the help she needs now."

As though Bette and Ham didn't need all the help anyone could give them for themselves! Futures for small girls can wait a little, but marriages which are beginning to tremble need immediate attention.

Yet there was something in Pam's eyes, perhaps, or a memory of her own dreams of success, that held Bette. And the fact that Ham was trying so desperately to succeed as an agent—that unusual and sometimes extremely profitable Hollywood career of finding new talent.

In the end, Bette took Pam into their home, although any third person must add to the strain. So began a new and wonderful life for Pamela Caveness, whose home was in the middle west and whose parents had never imagined they had a daughter with such promise that Bette Davis would take the child under her wing.

Pam couldn't have suspected that she had (*Continued on page* 71)

■ Bette's making new working arrangements for fewer pictures a year—to give her more time to be a wife?

How to get the most

■ Here is a way, as simple and beautiful as the Christmas story itself, for you to make the coming holidays the most memorable of your whole life



WHEN my daughter Betty was a small child she used to notice the heavy mail which arrived each day in my mail box and wondered why it was that she didn't get many letters. So one day she called me into a private conference and said to me:

"Now Dad, I want to know something. You get a pile of mail every morning and I only get a letter once a month or so. How do you get so many?"

I said to Betty: "Well, dear, it's this way. I get a lot of letters because I write a lot of letters and if you expect to receive mail you will have to write it."

"Oh, I see," she said, reflectively; "so you have to work for it?"

"Yes, Betty. In fact, you have to work for anything in this life that is worth getting."

So it is with this business of how to get the most out of Christmas. You have to work for it. The best way I know of getting the most out of Christmas is to give the most to Christmas.

The happiest Christmas I can remember in all my days is a certain Christmas in Moundsville, West Virginia, back in the depression—we called it a panic then—of 1892. My mother came from a wealthy Kansas family. My father had gone to Winfield, Kansas, from Moundsville and found a job in a grocery store. One of the families which dealt in that store was named Robinson. They had a beautiful young daughter named Etta. She came for the family groceries and met my father, fell in love with him and married him. By doing so she stepped out of a home of luxury into a home of poverty. Added to that poverty there were soon five children. I was the oldest of those five children.

On this Christmas of 1892, my father was out of work and we were very poor. Mother came to me because I was the oldest of the five children and said to me: "Willie, Father has not had any work for several months and I'm afraid that we won't have much of a Christmas this year unless we have a homemade one. I'm talking to you because you are the oldest of the children and I'll have to depend on you to help Mother make a Christmas for the rest of the family."

I remember agreeing with my mother outwardly, with seven-year-old solemnity, but I also remember that it was quite a shock to me that I was to have to create that Christmas and not to be on the receiving end of the line. To my mother I gave a cheerful assent; but alone I wept over that prospect.

And so we started in to get things ready for that memorable Christmas. Mother and I together strung pop-corn strings to decorate the tree. We made simple little toys; we made candy. We went out into the woods and cut a tree. It was all a lot of fun and the smaller children did not know anything

Illustration By B. Rieger

out of Christmas..



■ Even today, when we children gather together for a family reunion, we always speak of this day as "Mother's Christmas."

By

Dr. Wm. L. STIDGER

Well known writer and philosopher, and star of Getting The Most Out of Life, heard on NBC-Blue, sponsored by Fleischmann's Yeast.

about our plans for Christmas.

Then one day in the morning mail there came a big, official-looking letter from Winfield, my mother's old home. The stationery came from a National Bank. I came home from school that noon and found Mother laughing and crying all at the same time. Then she took me aside and she showed me a check for fifty dollars which had that morning come from her brother, Uncle Will Robinson, the banker in Winfield. She read me a part of that letter. "Dear Etta: I happen to know that you have not had a new dress or a new hat in five years. I am sending this fifty dollars so that you may buy a new dress, a new hat and anything else that you want. I want this fifty dollars to be spent on yourself and not the children. They will be happy enough at Christmas time."

One Sunday morning thirty years later I was telling that story in a St. Louis church. At the end of the story I said, more for dramatic effect than anything else: "And does anybody in this audience think that my mother spent that fifty dollars on herself?"

I had asked that rhetorical question a dozen times in telling that story, never expecting and never receiving any answer to it; but that morning it was different. Suddenly a five-year-old boy who was sitting with his mother in that church popped up and in his shrill treble voice said, "No sir!"

His reply was as much of a surprise to that audience and to himself as it was to me. I stopped dead still in my sermon; the audience laughed and applauded; and the boy snuggled up to his own mother and wept. He had been so moved by my story that on a sudden impulse he had answered my rhetorical question. Then when he realized what he had done, and heard that audience laugh, he was so embarrassed that he wept.

So did the rest of us and it is safe to say that that Sunday morning audience has never forgotten that scene and that boy's "No sir!"

For that boy knew mothers. He knew with a child's intuition that my mother did not spend a cent of that fifty dollars on herself; that she never even thought of buying that new (*Continued on page* 61)

Second

Second Husband is brought to you in story form through the permission of Bayer Aspirin, sponsors of the radio serial heard every Tuesday evening over the CBS network.



Illustrated by Alex Redmond

Thursday, March 10th . . .

DEAR DIARY: I'm frightened. I tell myself people like Dick and Fran and I don't go to the poor-house. But I'm not too sure . . . I've worried about money before. But it used to be when I woke up at three o'clock in the morning that I would lose all my courage. Now, underneath, I'm frightened all the time.

It does no good to tell myself "Tomorrow is another day!" That's just what worries me. Tomorrow *is* another day. And bread and milk at least must be bought and Dick and Fran will ask for pennies. And there'll be scarcely enough for this in my bag. There won't be anything over for the rent.

Right now I owe two months rent for the store and our living quarters. No one seems to buy dresses any more. The girls in Thompsonville seem to have given up trying to look pretty for their sweethearts. And the wives here never have made it a point to be attractive when their husbands came home.

Today I could scarcely face Ben Porter. I knew he hated to ask me for money. Ben's as kind as he is gruff and just about the best friend the children and I have. But this building doesn't belong to him. He's only the agent for Grant Cummings. And men as rich as Cummings are supposed to want their pound of flesh *always!*

Friday, March 11th . . .

Maybe it's because Grant Cummings is in town that I'm more worried than I ever was before. He might very well go over the accounts with Ben and insist I pay up or get out. When he's right here on the spot he seems more of a menace than when he's in New York.

He doesn't look like a menace at all. I've been telling myself that ever since he came into the shop this morning looking for Ben. His eyes have little sun wrinkles around them. They're the kind of eyes I'd like Dick to have when he grows up, the kind of eyes men get when they live out of doors and play golf and swim and sail a boat. And his voice is strong but gentle too. It was his voice, strangely enough, that reminded me how lonely I am.

I should scratch that last sentence out. It smacks of self-pity and if there's one thing I loathe that is it. Besides I have no right to be lonely. I have Dick and Fran.

March 14th . . .

Grant Cummings has asked me to marry him!

One thousand exclamation points should follow that announcement. He tells me, over and over,

Husband

■ **Beginning in intimate diary form, the vivid story of a young mother who thought it was no crime to love and marry again—based on the popular radio serial of the same name**



■ Everything I say makes them resent Grant more—for they worship the memory of their real father!

that he fell in love with me in the same moment he came into my shop. And I believe him! Because in the same minute he was falling in love with me I was falling in love with him. That must be why I felt so insupportably lonely after he had gone.

Today Grant drove the children and me out to his ranch. After dinner Dick and Fran went to the corral. And Grant and I sat in his living-room by the big fire. Beyond the windows the Montana mountains shifted from rose to lavender and then they grew soft in the twilight. I've watched them change like this for years but tonight they were more beautiful than ever before. Tonight the whole world was more beautiful than ever before. . . .

Grant Cummings has asked me to marry him!

I have to keep saying it and writing it or I wouldn't believe it. He's asked me to marry him and he's waiting, impatiently, for my answer. He knows what it will be and I know what it will be, but I did feel, as a matter of form, I should talk to the children first. All of which Grant understood. For their lives will be changed too. And we've played at being the Three Musketeers, all for one and one for all, for so long that I wouldn't hurt their feelings by failing to consult them about anything as important as this.

I can imagine how excited they will be about moving to New York and having summers here on Grant's ranch. I wanted to tell them all about it tonight but they were so exhausted I decided to wait until morning. We'll have a celebration breakfast, with pancakes.

Grant is so sweet, so dear. I didn't know men like him lived outside of story-books. And I never believed there really was such a thing as love at first sight. I've been a very stupid woman, it seems. . . .



■ Helen Menken plays Brenda Cummings in the drama, Second Husband, heard every Tuesday night on CBS.

Tuesday, the 15th . . .

Dick and Fran don't want me to marry Grant! They don't want to move to New York! They would rather live here over the store than live on his "old ranch."

At first I couldn't understand their reaction. Then, slowly, I realized they were jealous of him. They're afraid he will take me away.

"If you married him I wouldn't be head of our family any more," Dick said.

And Fran added, more quietly, "Somehow it just wouldn't be right for Mr. Cummings to be your husband but not our really and truly father."

I tried to talk to them, but everything I said made them resent Grant more, made them feel more intensely about him taking their father's place. They don't remember their father, for it's now six years—it doesn't seem possible—since he was burned to death in that automobile accident. But they worship the memory of him which I've given them.

I have to laugh—a little bitterly—when I think how hard I've tried to make Richard Williams seem a man of whom they could be proud . . . how I've talked only of his charm and never of his weakness which made him drink and kept us poor and finally caused his death.

I'm trapped by my own words . . .

How can I tell Grant?

Later . . . Tuesday . . .

I had another talk with Dick and Fran. It didn't seem right to permit them to stand in the way of my happiness, and Grant's, and their own. For Grant made it clear that he wanted them to have everything he would give his own children.

They were sweet. And when Fran caught sight of tears in my eyes she was almost frantic in her assurance that everything would be all right if I married Grant Cummings. She even swayed Dick.

But a minute ago I went in to see them in their beds. They were asleep with tears on their lashes. They reassured me, the blessed angels, and then cried themselves to sleep.

There's nothing I can do. *Nothing!* If I married Grant I'd always be tearing my heart in two, trying to give it to him and the children . . .

Wednesday . . .

I've told Grant I must stay here, without him. It took courage. He looked as if everything inside him that was young and warm and

hopeful had died. And I felt the way I felt years ago when Fran was a tiny baby and so close to dying that all the doctor could do was shake his head and pat me on the shoulder. That's the only other time I ever remember feeling smothered, as if unhappiness was suffocating me. . . .

Thursday . . .

Grant leaves tonight. He says he never will return to Montana. That means I'll never see him again. Which would be worse . . . To see him again and then watch him go away . . . Or never to see his crinkly blue eyes or hear his beautiful voice . . .

Dear, merciful God . . . Help a mother to be as brave as she should be!

Saturday, March 19th . . .

GRANT and I are going to be married!

It's a mad world and a beautiful world! We're on the train, bound for New York! The children are with us! Grant's room is just a car or two away and in a few minutes we're going into the diner! But I had to steal a few minutes while Fran and Dick are looking out the window at cowboys to make this entry.

Thursday night Ben Porter came over and told me Grant Cummings was practically penniless, that he had lost his fortune, been wiped out. And that he was returning to New York on the 11:05. This was more than I could bear. I jumped into Ben's Ford and tore to the station.

Instead of boarding the Special which had been flagged for him, Grant took me in his arms. The conductor of the Special was furious. He threatened to have Grant arrested for flagging the train needlessly. It was wonderful, just like the movies.

Dick and Fran know Grant has lost his money and they're anxious to do what they can to make him happy too. Dick made one proviso —Grant isn't to be their father, but a friend.

There may be problems ahead. I suppose a woman with children who marries a second time must expect jealousy and other emotional difficulties. But I'm so strong in my new happiness that I *know* I can manage.

How stupid it is to give up hope —whatever happens! Life can spin around in one minute!

Wednesday, March 24th . . .

I'm Mrs. Grant Cummings!

And I'm rich, rich beyond the wildest dreams!

Grant didn't lose any money at all. That was Ben Porter's scheme to win me over to Grant's side. He told Grant I'd never risk the children's happiness because of anything Grant could do for me, but that I might very well risk it if I thought I could do something for him. . . .

I should be cross with Grant and Ben—who arrived yesterday and who is going to stay on in some capacity. But I forgive them and bless them.

The children are in ecstasy over the ponies they ride in the park, their suite of rooms with unbelievable toys and a piano and radio. And I'm so much in love with my husband that a red-headed woman I haven't seen in years smiles back at me from my mirror.

Grant is the darling of the world. He anticipates every little fear I have about running this house—which is more like a palace than anything else. And he showers me with gifts—AND LOVE!

Saturday, March 27th . . .

I *must* find friends for Dick and Fran. They're homesick for Montana and the boys and girls they have known all their lives. Poor darlings, I've been so busy I've neglected them. Grant can't bear to have me away from his side when he is home. We're naturally out a great deal in the evening. And I must learn to manage this house even though Mimi Hale, a cousin of Grant's, seems eager to keep on with the responsibility. She is here every day.

I can't get over the kindness people have shown me. There's Mimi willing to run my home for me. And Kenneth Stevens, an old friend of Grant's, has been so nice that he's given me courage about meeting Grant's other friends. After all, I'm on the spot, so to speak . . . A little Montana dressmaker in the very midst of New York's social whirl . . .

April 12th . . .

I wonder if Ben Porter is right about Mimi Hale . . . He hasn't liked her from the first. In his outspoken way he's told me, pointblank, that she's a fox, and sly, and that if I treasure my happiness and Grant's love I must watch her. It seems she hoped to marry Grant. And Ben says she hasn't given up that hope . . .

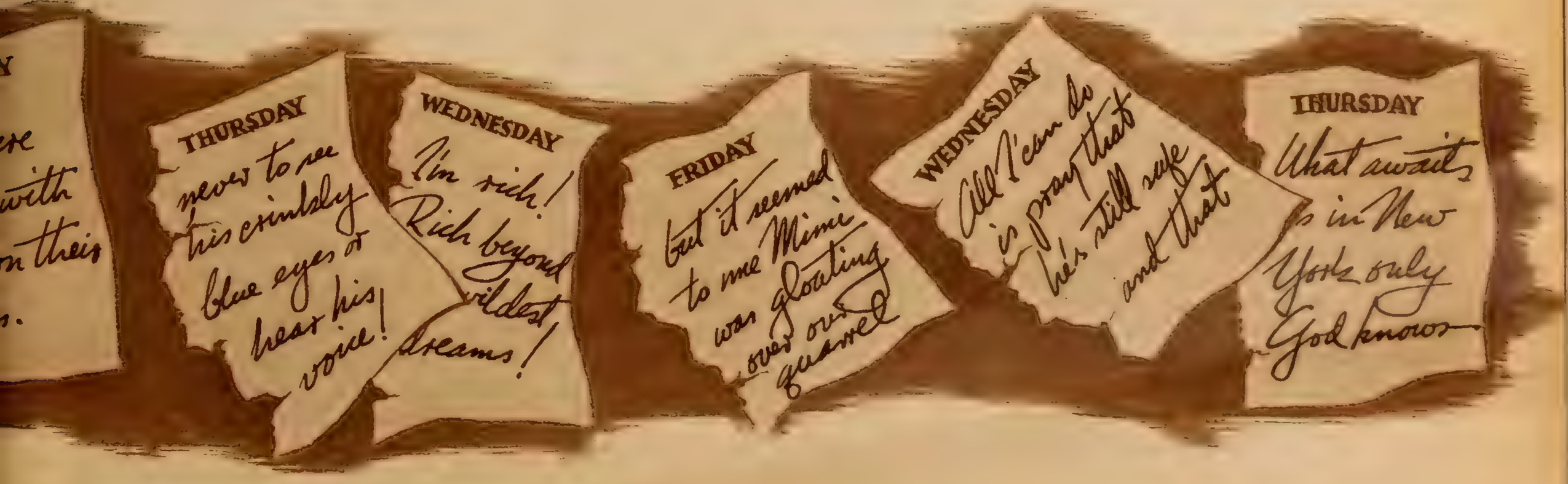
Friday, April 16th . . .

I PROMISED the children Grant and I would have dinner with them in their suite tonight. I ordered roast-beef because that's Dick's favorite food since he read it was Gary Cooper's. Gary Cooper is his idol of idols. And I ordered ice cream in flower moulds for Fran. Fran is feminine enough to like "fixings."

But Mimi reminded Grant that we must keep a dinner engagement.

I suppose I could have explained things to the children and gone with Grant. But I've left them alone so much lately and they're so homesick and I'm so afraid they will feel estranged from me and be hurt . . .

Mimi (*Continued on page 65*)



HENRY ALDRICH IS



■ Only twenty, and Ezra Stone is a radio and stage star, a producer's right-hand man and a dramatic teacher.

By NORTON RUSSELL

THIS is really a very wicked story, because its only lesson is that the way of the transgressor is as easy as the dickens, and leads not only to a nice job every week on one of radio's top programs, but to romance as well. It points out the advantages of deception and of disobeying your parents. It will probably do a great deal of harm in respectable homes, where the young folks behave themselves and tell the truth and agree that Father (and even Mother sometimes) knows best.

The hero and heroine of this shocking story are Ezra Stone and Ann Lincoln, who play Henry and his sister Mary on that funniest of family serials, The Aldrich Family, heard Tuesday nights on NBC. I wouldn't want to bet a week's pay that they won't be Mr. and Mrs. Stone by the time you're opening up Aunt Hattie's Christmas present, because right now they're in love.

They've been in love ever since that day, a little more than a year ago, when an actor friend of Ezra's brought Ann up to him and said, "Ezra, I'd like to have you meet my niece."

Which was starting off on a low moral plane, because Ann wasn't the actor's niece at all. She was nothing but a nineteen-year-old girl from a small town in Maine, who had come to New York because she wanted to be a great actress. At the moment, she hadn't come any nearer to Broadway than the bargain-basement of a big department store.

Ezra, on the other hand, at the age of twenty, was already a radio star, a famous dramatic producer's right-hand man, and a teacher at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He was important, a Somebody. Ann hoped he'd like her and help her to get a job, but she certainly never thought he'd upset her by deciding to fall in love. Or by being so nice that she'd fall in love with him too.

She'd sort of forgotten that even if Ezra was a big shot, he was, after all, only twenty, and just as susceptible as any other twenty-year-old to brown eyes and dusky hair and a special kind of innocence that doesn't, as a rule, grow along Broadway.

She didn't know that her own gallant determination to be an actress would strike an answering chord in Ezra's own heart. He knew just how she felt. He, too, had wanted to be an actor when it seemed as if the whole world was against him.

Now is the time for what the movies call a flashback, because you've got to understand what sort of a kid this Ezra Stone is. It doesn't mean anything to say he's the current boy wonder of Broadway, astonishing everyone by his ability as actor, director, businessman and all-around showman. You have to go back to the stage-struck youngster in Philadelphia who was darned if he'd go to college.

Ezra's story must be the one to end all stories about boys who bucked parental opposition to go on the stage. As a child, he was the despair of his father, who had once been a chemistry professor. He hated school and wanted only to act on the stage and in radio, and he



■ First he changed Ann's name to Lincoln—and perhaps he'll soon be changing it again—to Mrs. Ezra Stone.

ended up by flunking his father's own subject—chemistry—in his last year of high school.

And so, then asked Ezra reasonably, why not forget college and send him to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York so he could learn to be an actor? For he'd already had enough experience in local theatrical projects to know how much he didn't know about acting; and the fame of the American Academy, which has turned out such distinguished alumni as Spencer Tracy and Jane Cowl, had mightily impressed him.

IT didn't impress his father. But Ezra was only fifteen—really a year too young for Yale—so after various arguments he won his point. He was sent to New York and the Academy on the understanding that he'd take only the junior course and would then be tractable and enter college.

After the six-month junior course, however, the Academy took a hand in Ezra's future and invited him to remain for the senior course—an honor reserved for only fifty or so of the three hundred ambitious youngsters who each year enter the Academy. Frantically Ezra begged to stay, and once more his father consented.

Even senior courses at the Academy can't go on forever, and in another six months the gates of Yale were opening wide to swallow one Ezra Stone. He was all packed, ready to leave Philadelphia for New Haven—when a telegram came from one of his former Academy teachers, now directing a Broadway revue, offering him a job. Well, his father reluctantly conceded, after Ezra had used up some oratory, all right.

...it's the airways' sweetest romance, but if Ann hadn't lied to Ezra about her name and if he hadn't disobeyed his parents about college—

The revue was a quick flop—so quick that by hurrying Ezra could still have entered college before registration closed. But before his father could get wind of the show's failure, he had scurried around Broadway and found a part in another production.

It flopped too.

Let's skip the gory details, but for a year Ezra was just one jump ahead of college. The worst of it was that every time he managed to get a tiny part in a play, the show would go to Philadelphia on a try-out tour. Sometimes it would even close there, leaving him stranded right in the clutches of his college-minded family. That made it tough, but always, just in the nick of time, he would manage to find another job until at last he made the connection with George Abbott, one of New York's most successful producers, which led to stardom as Henry Aldrich in the play, "What a Life." And "What a Life," of course, led just as naturally to The Aldrich Family on the air.

He was playing Henry on the stage and in radio (on Kate Smith's program) when Ann Lincoln met him. Ann just wasn't getting anywhere. The only stage experience she'd ever had was in high school dramatics, and when she told this to managers and theatrical agents they had trouble concealing their pitying smiles. She finally found herself a job in a department store, but here it was November and the theatrical season was in full swing and she (*Continued on page 72*)



Mytyl and Tyltyl find a thrush which they intend to keep for a pet.



Mytyl crossly refuses to give the bird to the sick girl next door.



At home, their father has received word he must go off to the war.

Shirley's Christmas Present

■ It's the very first radio acting of her life—you'll hear her on December 24—in a story that's one of the sweetest and most inspiring ever told

AT last Shirley Temple is going to act on the air—and, appropriately, Christmas Eve and the Screen Actors Guild program mark her debut. You'll hear her on CBS at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T., in a radio version of her new 20th Century-Fox picture, "The Blue Bird."

Here RADIO MIRROR presents a picture preview of the broadcast with scenes (reading clockwise from the one above) from the movie, in which Shirley plays Mytyl, with Johnny Russell as Tyltyl, Spring Byington and Russell Hicks as her father and mother, Sybil Jason as the little girl next door, and Gale Sondergaard and Eddie Collins as the Cat and Dog. For the first time, Shirley plays a mean little girl, dissatisfied with her life. One Christmas Eve Fairy Berylune appears and says if the children can find the blue bird they'll always be happy. After many adventures, they return home dispirited at their failure, to find that their own dingy thrush has turned into a beautiful blue bird—proving that happiness is right at home all the time.



Home again, Mytyl finds that her own thrush has turned into a blue bird, and she gives it happily to her little neighbor.



Even in the Land of Luxury they fail to find the blue bird.

That night, Fairy Berylune sends the children to seek the blue bird.

To accompany them she changes the dog and cat into human form.

Led by the beautiful fairy, Light, they set forth on their journey.

The wicked Cat first takes them into a dark and gloomy grave-yard.

There they find their dead grandparents who live again through love.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

It's the

A loud and hearty boo is the answer of Elizabeth

THIS is the season when all across the nation, eager ladies are thinking of necklines and waistlines, of the frills which winter will bring, while their husbands are thinking of the *bills* which winter will bring too.

Here in New York, nearer to Europe than most of the country, there are strange stories being told, news from the old world that old styles are coming back, news of bustles and laces and corsets stiff with whalebone.

To the ladies—who may yet wear such things; to the men—who will suffer just as much—this is news of grave import.

Now to tell us the truth about this year's fashions, comes Bob Trout to interview Elizabeth Hawes on his CBS Time to Shine program, sponsored by Griffin Allwite. Miss Hawes is famous in New York for her dress designs, famous throughout the nation for her book called "Fashion is Spinach."

"Miss Hawes," says Bob, "what do you think of the new fashions?"

"How would it be if I started out by saying that all this talk of bustles and corsets coming back is *just plain bunk?* Because, although fashions come in cycles, and about every fourteen years the same old things reappear, still, over the years,



■ Elizabeth Hawes' recipe for being well dressed: forget extreme style dictates and buy clothes that are right for you. And she proves her point in this coppery satin evening dress Bea Wain wears.

■ There's nothing fantastic about these two Hawes outfits. Left, Bea Wain in a plaid tweed suit; right, Helen Ward, Bob Crosby's singer, wears a soft wool suit and turban with an amusing novelty handbag.

Bunk!

Hawes, famed stylist, to today's trick fashions

the entire trend is toward sensible comfort. Anything that interrupts that trend is artificial, false, no good. Take the hats!"

"I wish I could, Miss Hawes—I wish I could throw them all away, or do something with them."

"Nobody has to do anything with them. Trick hats are on their way out, thank goodness. And, also, it won't be long before you've seen the last of those shoes with no backs and no toes."

"Miss Hawes, you're wonderful. I knew you were the women's style authority, but I didn't know you were the husband's friend."

"Of course I am! I say the family clothes budget should be split fifty-fifty between husband and wife."

"Yes, but in the average family, would a wife be well dressed on a fifty-fifty budget?"

"Mr. Trout, any modern woman can be well dressed at any price as long as she can afford *one* set of clothes. Recently, I made an experiment about the cost of women's clothes. I carefully checked the prices of three different women's outfits. The first belonged to an opera singer whose clothes on that particular day cost more than $200. The second girl I checked was a photographer's model, and she'd paid $125 (*Continued on page* 64)



■ Nor has the budget anything to do with being well dressed, says Miss Hawes. Below, Helen Ward in a black camel's wool coat whose lynx cuffs serve as a muff, and in a jumper dress and sweater.



■ "Lucifer in Starlight" is the romantic name of Bea's bouffant black tulle evening gown. But no matter what it's called, Miss Hawes points out, it will be just as stylish next year as it is now.

Photos by John Schutz, CBS

Woman in Love

■ "Be sure your sins will find you out"—but must the past rise up once more to bar Tamara from finding a new happiness in life?

Continuing a compelling novel of lost innocence:

by Kathleen Norris

FIVE years in a convent school were poor defense for Tamara Todhunter when she met Mayne Mallory, handsome, unprincipled film actor. To her dazzled eyes, he symbolized everything she hated in her own life. Instead of the shoddy, catch-as-catch-can existence in her mother's apartment, Mayne offered —or seemed to offer—glamour and romance and beauty. Only afterwards did she realize what an easy conquest she had been for him. A few strings to pull—and he had secured a job for her in the San Francisco theatrical company where he was playing a guest-starring engagement. A few more strings—and she went with the company on its brief tour of the state. But then Mayne went back to Hollywood and his picture work, leaving Tamara with her old life—the same old life, only so much worse now because of the shame that she must carry with her. In a few months she realized that she was to have a child. No help could be expected from her mother or sister or brother, all intent on their own affairs, and Tam was in the lowest depths of hopelessness when she met the Mother Superior of her old convent, in San Francisco for a brief visit. Mother Laurence helped her by sending her to an old friend, Mary Hutton, who lived on a farm south of San Francisco. Mrs. Hutton took Tam into her home, spreading the story that she was her own nephew's wife, and in the days that followed the girl regained some of the pride and self-respect she thought had been lost. When the baby came—a girl—she named it Mary, after Mrs. Hutton.

IN THE end, it was the stage to which Tam returned, leaving little Mary behind, with Mary Hutton.

It was luck, and luck alone, which led her back to the theater. She had not been back in San Francisco two weeks when she was given a part with the Peter Willey Company, and after that she played parts under Willey's management for six or seven years. It was not especially exciting; the plays Willey put on were all old and seasoned, but the company itself was like some fine old windjammer steadily sailing the agitated seas of the theater; its stout manager said himself that he never played anything but winners, and Tamara thought herself extremely lucky to get on board.

Month after month, year after year, she went steadily about her business. Men followed her about; some of them fine, some not; it made little difference. She was only vaguely aware of their existence. She and her mother had a small apartment in Pine Street. Lance was serving a term in jail for misappropriation of funds. Coral, after having threatened him with breach of promise proceedings, had married her friend Arnold French and had gone off with him to Europe. Willette was the same as ever. She sometimes cried over Lance, but not often. Tamara was gentle with her; she herself was too busy, too grateful for work and happiness, to be anything but generous.

Happiness—yes, it had come back. She was happy again; the taste of life was good. And every Saturday night after the play, she went down to Belmont to be with Mary. When anyone in the theater asked her where she spent her Sundays she answered truthfully, "At a sort of rest cure." To her mother she said that she liked Mrs. Hutton, and Mrs. Hutton's little granddaughter was a darling.

Between the theater, the apartment, and the old house down among the low Belmont hills, Tam's entire interest lay and her entire time was spent. She never accepted an invitation or wanted anything more. Her work and her books and the secret garden to which she escaped for every moment of leisure were all her world. For seven years. . . .

"Tam, why won't you marry me?" asked George Davis.

"I have to see a man twice before I will marry him, George," Tam said, busy with make-up.

"You've seen me four times," he said.

"And I've known you five days."

"I like your air of flustered feminine evasiveness, Tam. It seems to indicate that you are beginning to care—that way."

Tam studied her reflection in the mirror thoughtfully, pushed a smooth wave of hair into place. She

■ Kathleen Norris is the first nationally famous writer to have her works brought to radio listeners as a daily serial program. "Woman in Love" can be heard Monday through Friday over the CBS network, at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by General Mills. So that you may read this stirring drama of love, as well as hear it, Radio Mirror presents the story in its original novel form.

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Illustration by Carl Mueller

glanced at a clock. "I guess the curtain's late tonight," she said.

"Why won't you marry me?" he asked again, stubbornly sticking to first principles.

"You might be a good husband for some woman," Tam conceded with a speculative glance.

"Only for you. I'll go straight to the dogs if you don't at least say you like me," the man said.

"The dogs have probably been missing you," Tam suggested.

"You're right," George said, with a little laugh not quite pleased. "But how you know it I don't know."

Tamara, facing him again, answered seriously, "If you really don't know—that seems to me the worst of all."

In the littered hot dressing room the lights were very bright. They piteously revealed the man who faced her. He was still young, perhaps in his early thirties, he might have been handsome if his face had not been marked so deep with dissipation. It was an intelligent, even aristocratic face, with a once-white skin and black eyes, a wide mouth, and deep eye sockets under waves of thick black hair. He was a lawyer —the politician type of lawyer—witty, clever, eloquent. Pete Willey had told her that George Davis could have been anything he liked, if it were not for alcohol and roulette tables and dicing and races and all the other things that usually

dragged a man of his type to destruction, and Tam could read a confirmation of it in his disorderly dress and blotched complexion, his hoarse voice and careless manners. And yet there was something likable about him, fine in him, even now. At the Willeys' anniversary dinner, where she had met him five days ago, she and George Davis had had one of the most refreshing conversations she had ever had with any man. Before, that is, he had drunk too much.

He took a hurt, lofty tone now. "Listen—don't talk about me as if I were a lost soul. A little drinking and a few bets on the ponies aren't such a crime. When you say that the dogs have probably been missing me, I suppose you're trying to indicate that I've already gone to the dogs. Where'd you get that idea? I work darned hard, when I do work. There's nothing the matter with me!"

"If you don't really think there is," Tamara repeated seriously, "then that seems to me the worst of all."

"I'm in very bad shape, is that it?"

"Well, I don't know," Tamara said, busy with a comb. "I think you're unhappy; that's always bad. You told me yesterday you were ambitious; you want to get on; to run for the Senate. You're certainly going about it—" she hesitated— "in a funny way!"

"Does it occur to you that that sounds at all smug?" he asked.

"Yes, it does," Tamara confessed, unperturbed. "But you invited it. You asked me—I don't know how serious you were—but you asked me to marry you. I'm not going to marry anyone, as it happens. But if I were—"

"It wouldn't be a man like me," he supplied. Tamara turned about to face him over the back of the dressing-table chair.

"That's the worst of it!" she said. "It would. It might. You say I'm smug. God knows I haven't got much to be smug about! I'm a second-rate actress in a completely unimportant city, theatrically speaking. I'll never be anything else, and I don't want to be. I've no pride. I've no ambition. You have! You can talk with anyone; you can do anything. You could build yourself a life I couldn't touch—a home with gardens and—and distinguished people coming there, and a library—everything. I couldn't. You're a college man and an aristocrat, and I'm nothing! I was born of cheap theatrical people and I'll never be anything else. You make me tired!"

Fired almost to tears by her own eloquence and its childish conclusion, she turned back to the mirror, and there was a long silence in the room. George, who once or twice made a movement to interrupt her, was lost in amazement now, and only sat staring.

"You're the most remarkable woman I've ever met," he said presently.

"Thanks," Tamara said coldly. "There's my call!" And was gone.

It was some twenty minutes later that, coming back through the confusion of wings and sets, she was stopped by a stagehand holding out a man's old-fashioned gold watch on a fob.

"Miss Todhunter, did you drop this?"

Tam took it, turned it about.

"No, where'd you find it?"

"Here on the floor."

"Have you opened the back?" Tam said. "Sometimes there's a monogram."

The man with a dirty split fingernail pried open the back of the watch; there was a picture there. Tam held it to the light. Under her make-up the color drained from her face.

"I know whose it is," she said. "Yes, I'll take it. It belongs to—I know—I'll take it. Thanks, Joe."

She snapped it shut, walked toward her dressing room. There was a trunk standing in the passage behind the wings, and for a dizzy moment Tamara sat down on it—breathing hard.

"I don't believe it!" she said aloud.

When she reached her dressing room, George Davis was still there, sitting just as she had left him, staring moodily into space.

"I know damn well I'm not the sort of man you like," he said, looking up.

"Have you been brooding on that?" Tamara smiled at him. He got to his feet, he and she were close together, and she looked up into his eyes with an odd look in her own.

"I like you," he said. "I guess everyone does. But I know I'd never have a chance with you!"

Tam's eyes did not stir from his.

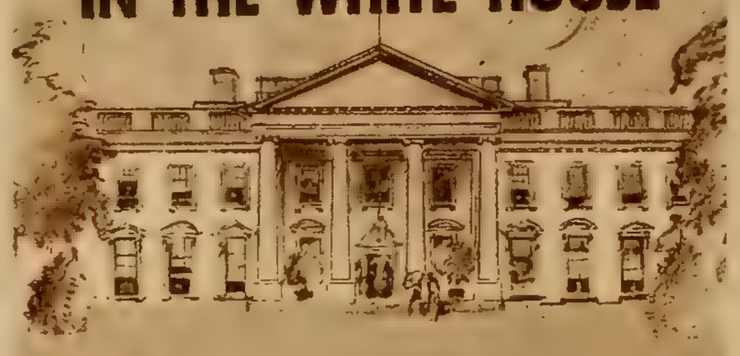
"Then why don't you make yourself into the kind of man I like?" she breathed.

"What are you getting at?" George's hands were like a vise on her shoulders.

"Oh, wait!" She freed herself with an abrupt jerk, displayed the watch that was still in her hand. "Isn't that yours?"

"Yep." He took it indifferently, disappointed by her change of mood. "My mother gave me that—I must have laid it somewhere and forgotten to (*Continued on page* 58)

HOBBIES IN THE WHITE HOUSE



By Eleanor Roosevelt

FIRST I'd like to tell you something about the President's hobbies. He has one main hobby—that is collecting anything which has to do with the American Navy. He's collected prints and models of ships and letters and books and I think that he must have almost one of the best collections in the country that deals with our own Navy. He even has caricatures.

But of course, everybody knows that he collects stamps. That collection began with his Grandmother Delano, who gave her collection to my husband's mother and she gave it to her small boy.

Then I suppose you might call fishing a hobby because he likes it very well. And, of course, he has one other hobby. He likes birds. We always tease him because he can't recognize his friends across the street—he's very short-sighted—but he can tell me any bird at any distance anywhere.

Now, as to the rest of the family, I think, perhaps, my daughter's hobbies might be called her job and her children. James collects historical books. Elliott likes ranching and cattle-raising. Franklin, Junior—well, he's going to be a lawyer so perhaps his hobby is a good one. He likes to argue. He'll argue about anything on any side of the subject. And Johnnie, he likes to ride and then, I think perhaps he's my most conscientious child about doing his job and doing it well.

As for myself, well, I don't think I have many hobbies. When you live in a house with someone who has a good many, you can't afford to have many yourself. The house gets cluttered up. And so we'll say that mine is writing and meeting people.

(Broadcast on the Hobby Lobby program, sponsored by Fels Naptha Soap, now heard on CBS Sunday afternoon.)

RADIO MIRROR'S PREVIEW OF A HIT!



ONCE IN A DREAM



WORDS AND MUSIC BY SAMMY KAYE...

Copyright 1939, by Sammy Kaye, New York

ONCE IN A DREAM

WORDS AND MUSIC BY SAMMY KAYE

■ **Still another in Radio Mirror's parade of hit tunes! It's a new romantic ballad written for you by "Swing and Sway" Sammy Kaye—tune in and hear him play it on the air**

Copyright 1939, by Sammy Kaye, New York

Once in a dream — your vis - ion came to me — Once in a dream —

— of you — There in my dreams — I knew it

had to be — This dream of you — must come true —

I searched ev - ry where ev ry place And

then when I saw your sweet face I knew that you were my love

and in re - al - i - ty You are the girl in my

I dream II dream

FATE'S BAD BOY

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF ORSON WELLES' IMPETUOUS LOVE

By LUCILLE FLETCHER

THEY stood there, backstage at the theater, locked in each other's arms. Virginia in her long velvet Juliet gown; Orson Welles in Romeo's doublet and hose. It had all been so sudden, this realization that they loved each other. For up until that moment, when she had tripped and almost fallen, Virginia had been no more than a playmate to Orson —someone it was fun to be with. Now, suddenly, he was blurting out thoughts he'd hardly known were in his mind. Asking her to marry him.

Virginia did not say a word. It was a long time before he realized she was crying. Then she turned her head away and said:

"Oh—Orson. I want to—but I can't."

For a long moment he stood looking at her. Then his hands dropped to his sides. His voice came harshly.

"But Virginia—why not?"

Her cheeks flamed. "It's just that —I promised my family I wouldn't fall in love with you. Mother—asked me last night—and I—I promised I wouldn't."

"But why, Virginia—why?"

"Because—" her voice was a frantic whisper now. In a few moments the curtain would rise upon another scene. "Oh, Orson, it's because they don't want me to marry an actor. They—they want me to make my debut, and be—rich—and . . . oh, I can't explain."

Her voice broke into a little sob, and without another word she turned from him, and ran into the shadows.

He stood there looking after her, too dazed, for a moment, to move. Then hurt gave way to anger—and anger to a fierce determination. So that was it. They did not want their little Virginia to marry an actor. They wanted her to marry society instead. Well—he would show them.

He loved Virginia more than anything in the world. He knew it now. An hour ago, she had been a dream, a lovely girl he enjoyed being with. Now she was a woman, who might be taken from him. She was his destiny, and he must fight for her.

All the other things he had fought for—success in the theater, adventure, the chance and the ability to express himself—all these things were suddenly unimportant. His vivid and checkered career, up to this moment, now seemed shoddy and fruitless. For what had he gone charging off to Ireland, to Africa, to the ends of the earth, when he should have been at home, working to create the self that Virginia would be proud to marry?

Tall, and a little overgrown in his Romeo's costume, he stood there backstage, feeling resolution harden in his mind. From somewhere the whisper came: "Curtain going up in five minutes!" He walked quickly to his dressing-room, changed his clothes, hurried back to the wings. He went through the play, outwardly absorbed.

That night, he drove Virginia out in the old jalopy to a place where they could be alone. And he told of his decision.

"Virginia—if you love me, you'll have to break with them all. You'll have to marry me now, and come with me to New York. We'll start life over again—by ourselves."

Virginia's young face was very white and still in the moonlight. She trembled against him.

"Oh, Orson," she said. "I'm afraid."

"Why?" he asked. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No. But I'm afraid they'll be angry with me. I love them, and I wouldn't want to hurt them. And Mother says she's only doing it for my own good. She—she said she didn't want me to be poor or unhappy—ever. . . ."

"So she thinks you'll be poor and unhappy with me?"

"No, Orson, no!" Afraid to hurt him, Virginia denied what she knew was the truth.

"And what about you? Do you believe in me, Virginia?"

"Yes, Orson, you know I do. With all my heart."

"Then that's all that matters. Come. We can be married and leave for New York tomorrow!"

But poor little 19-year-old Virginia was too frightened by the idea. The suddenness of it, she said. The shock. He pleaded with her, argued with her, but still she held firm. "No," she insisted. "I'll go, but not so soon. Wait—wait till this fall—a little while—until I make my debut. Then I'll come."

"You'll never come if you don't come now!" Orson insisted gloomily. But he promised to bide his time. They made plans. He would go to New York and find a wonderful job in the theater. A glamorous, glittering successful role that would impress her family beyond a doubt. She would stay in Chicago and make her debut. Then at the psychological time, he would fly back from New York, the knight in shining armor, and whisk her away for good.

But somehow things didn't work out that way, when he reached New York. Somehow, when he got back



■ A lovely family portrait—The Orson Welles' pose with their newly-born baby girl.



■ Orson Welles has everything now, but his daughter Christopher Marlowe is his greatest delight.

to Broadway, the idea of a glittering glamorous role seemed a bit off the track. He was full of his little theater in Woodstock. And one night, just a few days after he'd arrived, a man he'd met backstage with the Cornell troupe, asked him if he'd like to do something experimental and new on Broadway.

The man was John Houseman, who had gained fame for his sensational production of Gertrude Stein's opera "Four Saints in Three Acts." He'd seen the manuscript of a play called "Panic," he said, by the poet, Archibald MacLeish. An altogether different kind of play. Poetic. Real. True to the times. A play of shadows and angry crowds and brutal faces. A play that should be produced—even if it were only for a night. Houseman had enough money for a three-night run. Would Orson come in with him as co-producer? Orson didn't hesitate. He shook hands with Houseman, talked excitedly with him until dawn—and it was a deal.

What did glamour and glitter matter compared to this new alive thing that one could shape with one's hands and voice and brain? He

sat down and wrote Virginia a letter.

"I'm sorry, Virginia—but you simply must try to understand. I've found the chance I've been waiting for. I'm afraid I won't get back to Chicago now. It seems to me that your place is with me in New York. I want you to share this wonderful thing. I've got a job for you, Virginia—a job as assistant stage-manager in 'Panic'. Will you come?"

SHE arrived on Christmas Day—just a few days before "Panic" opened. A blonde wisp of a girl with expensive luggage, shivering in spite of her fur coat and her saucy little fur hat. She was frightened as she stood there in Grand Central station.

They were married at once. There wasn't any honeymoon. No time for that with "Panic" opening. In true bridegroom spirit Orson hired a furnished suite in the best hotel in town—and they moved in there. He didn't have more than one hundred dollars in his pocket.

There was the thrill of those three nights when "Panic" surpassed his wildest dreams—the thrill of seeing the MacLeish manuscript translated into terms of living theater—and the incredible joy of having Virginia always there.

Two weeks later, still in a daze, he and Virginia were sitting in their palatial suite, when a knock came at the door. Orson went to answer it. A suave man with striped trousers and pomaded hair entered. In his hand he held the hotel bill, a week overdue. And Orson had no money with which to pay it.

Until that moment, Virginia hadn't known they were so near to poverty. When the suave hotel man had retreated, taking with him Orson's promise to depart that very night and leave his baggage behind, she looked at her husband, white-faced. He went to her, put his arms around her, tried to comfort her. But she was shaking with fear.

With a sickening realization he remembered the night of "Romeo and Juliet." And Virginia's words. Poor and unhappy. Her family had said that. And a failure. He remembered his own angry defiance. And now—at the very beginning of their married life—he had fulfilled every one of their predictions.

They slept that night on a day bed in a friend's Greenwich Village apartment. And next morning—art or no art—Orson set out to find himself a job.

There weren't any, of course, on Broadway. The season was well along, and nobody was producing any new plays. Not even his good friend Katharine Cornell. But he *had* to find something. Day after day went by, and every night he went home to Virginia, empty-handed—home to the over-crowded apartment of his friends. Virginia couldn't stand it any longer.

"I'll look for a job too," she said, and together they trudged up and down Broadway, the tall shaggy boy, and the pretty frail girl in her expensive clothes. Pretty soon there were no expensive clothes. Virginia pawned her muff, her fur scarf, and then her pretty dresses, one by one, for food and carfare and new soles for their shoes.

It was the most painful winter of Orson's life. And yet in a way the happiest. For after that first shock of terror when she discovered that all their money was gone, Virginia did not fail him.

It's practical! It's authoritative! It will help you to find fame and riches! Read How to Sing For Money, by Deanna Durbin's vocal coach —coming next month

Finally Orson got a job.

It wasn't much of a job. His old friend, the Chippewa radio actor, told him about it. Just yelling "Walla-walla" over and over again as an extra in a radio mob. But it paid $10 for the rehearsal and broadcast.

The next day on the strength of that ten dollars, they moved into a room on the ground floor of an old brownstone house on 14th Street. But it had a chipped marble fireplace, high ceilings, an air of old-world elegance. And to add to their happiness, Orson got another part on the air.

"You wait and see," he promised, as they went shopping for a red-checked tablecloth, a dish-pan and a set of dishes. "We're going to save money. No more insecurity."

But after the first few days of thrift, the money seemed to burn a hole in his pocket again. When he got his first real role on the air, he earned $50 in one gulp—and spent it all on a spaniel puppy for Virginia. She still didn't have a good dress to her name.

But somehow they muddled on. Somehow they got along, helping, teaching each other. And finally, they were able to move to a little better place—a Greenwich Village studio apartment, where they had their own furniture.

How happy they were in that little flat. Orson was on the air regularly now—reading poetry, acting in radio shows, and there was money coming in. They bought an old car, and went off to the country on week-ends. They entertained their friends. They dreamed of having a baby.

And then, one night, the vision popped up again. The temptation Orson had been trying to forget. John Houseman dropped in to see him, and told him there was a chance to do another experimental play—for the W. P. A. Federal Theater Project.

Houseman had a Negro group in Harlem—actors, all of them—on the W. P. A. With Negroes one could do something wonderfully exotic—something that would stir the blood. He painted exciting pictures—dreams like the ones he had once conjured up about "Panic." Orson sat there, his head down. He would not look at Virginia. But he was thinking, remembering the dread that had once come into her eyes.

Finally he said:

"I'm sorry, John. It—it sounds grand, but I can't make it."

There was a long pause. Then, quite unexpectedly a shy voice came out of the shadows. Virginia's voice.

ORSON, if you're turning down John's offier for me, I'll go away forever. Please, Orson, I *want* you to take this job. It's a chance of a lifetime. You *must*, Orson, you must!"

The two men turned to look at her, in amazement. She came forward, rising out of her chair, a thin, childish figure, her face strangely alight.

"Please, Orson, don't you remember? The things you told me about doing Shakespeare? Well—here's your chance—to do Shakespeare. Only in a different way. Orson—please. Why don't you do Shakespeare with an all-Negro cast? It's never been done before. Why don't you do 'Macbeth,' Orson—and—and lay the scene in Haiti? And—and—"

She stopped, too carried away to go on. But, sitting there in that Greenwich Village living-room, Orson and John Houseman knew—somehow— (*Continued on page* 52)

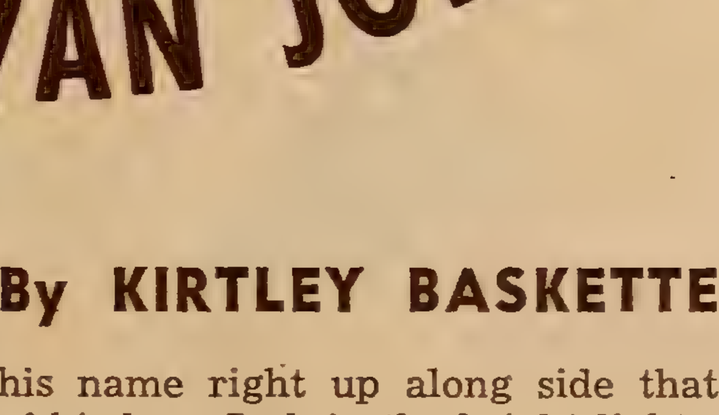


By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

IF A black cloud threatens the private and professional prestige of radio's number one playboy, Jack Benny—his name is Eddie Anderson, *alias* Rochester J. Syracuse, *alias* Rochester Van Jones, *alias* just Rochester.

He's small and he's dark and he's not a bit handsome. He's bug-eyed and getting shiny like a tan shoe at the temples. But he's got more steam than a calliope, more bounce than a golf ball.

Already Eddie Anderson has become such a lodestone for laughs on the Benny Jello show that if Jack were the jealous type he'd be pea green with envy by now. On the screen too, Eddie has buttled so bumptiously against the funny bones of the nation that he's being hailed as the greatest colored comic since Bert Williams. Theater owners hang his name right up along side that of his boss Jack in the bright lights. Critics call him a sure fire picture thief. He has more jobs in Hollywood than he can handle. He's the only member of the whole Benny troupe who made the picture of pictures, "Gone With the Wind."



But if Rochester is just beginning to rival Jack Benny in a show business way, on the personal side he left him panting in the shade long ago.

It's the private life of Rochester Van Jones that's handing Jack Benny an inferiority complex. And no wonder. Rochester is stepping out—high, wide, and handsome. Just exactly who's the butler and who's the *bon vivant*—Jack or Rochester—is strictly a matter of opinion. But here are the lurid facts:

Rochester smokes bigger cigars than Jack. He drives a sportier car and airs a much more splendiferous wardrobe. He pilots a plane, he sojourns at swank desert dude ranches. He canters his own saddle horse on the bon ton bridle paths; he races thoroughbreds under his silks at (*Continued on page* 49)

HILLTOP



"Oh, Robbie," Bess cried, "do you have to operate? . . . suppose something should go wrong—Are you so sure an operation is really needed?"

HOUSE



■ When all else had failed, could marriage fill her life? That was the question Miss Bess asked—and answered—while Dr. Robbie waited and the fate of Hilltop House hung in the balance

The Story Thus Far:

BESS JOHNSON thought she had put the past behind her when she came to be matron at Hilltop House and care for its orphans—but on the day Steve Cortland came to see her she realized she was wrong. Cortland once had loved her, then he had married her sister Marjorie instead. There had been a child, at whose birth Marjorie died, begging Bess never to let Cortland have his son. This child, Tim, Bess had brought with her to Hilltop, pretending that he was an orphan like all the other children. Now Cortland, catching sight of Tim, recognized him and accused Bess of having lied to him when she told him his son was dead. Bess admitted the lie, but refused to let him have Tim. An unseen listener to their conversation was Stella Rodnick, a sulky, unhappy orphan who hated Bess because she believed Bess had punished her unjustly. Stella heard just enough to believe that Tim was Bess' own son—and her first act was to carry the gossip to Dr. Robbie Clark, the young Hilltop physician, who was in love with Bess. Dr. Robbie, stung by the slander, lost control of himself and slapped Stella. Sobbing, she cried, "All right, if you don't believe me, ask Miss Bess!"

PART TWO

BUT Dr. Robbie did not, after all, ask Miss Bess if she was Tim's mother. On the drive back to Hilltop House, with Stella sitting white and scared beside him, nursing her bruised cheek where he had struck her, his first impetuous resolve weakened. He couldn't, he simply couldn't walk in to Bess Johnson, face those clean blue eyes and say, "Is this thing true that Stella told me? Is Tim your son, yours and this Steve Cortland's?"

He couldn't dignify such gossip by taking it seriously enough to ask about it. Because of course it wasn't true. It was simply malicious, childish babble. Over and over he told himself this, trying to still the small, persistent clamor deep down in his mind—trying to forget Bess' agitation that afternoon when the mysterious Cortland had been announced. He'd swear she was afraid at that moment. And—his thoughts groped among jumbled memories—hadn't there always been something a little different, a little more personal and tender, in Bess' attitude toward Tim, alone among all the other orphans?

In the end, he simply let Stella hop out of the car at the Hilltop entrance, and drove off again, spinning his wheels furiously in the gravel.

Yellow light shone out of Hilltop House's front door as Stella went up the steps. From inside came the cheerful hubbub of just-before-dinner. Stella walked more slowly; now that Dr. Robbie was gone and she was no longer frightened, tears of self-pity began to fill her eyes. Everybody was against her! Everybody hated her—Miss Bess and Dr. Robbie and all the other children!

Miss Gidley, too, fussed at her as she entered the hall. "Stella! You're late. Dinner will be ready in a few . . ."

And then she caught sight of the girl's reddened eyes and quivering lips. "Gracious, child! What's happened?"

An audience of curious orphans fell silent as Stella sobbed, "Dr. Robbie! He—he hit me!"

Thelma Gidley's eyes widened, then narrowed in sudden satisfaction. "Dr. Clark struck you? But why?"

Stella looked around at the circle of interested faces, then once more up at Miss Gidley.

"I guess I better not say why," she decided. "You'd be mad, too, maybe."

"I certainly shall if I don't find out the whole truth about this matter," was Miss Gidley's prim answer. "If Dr. Clark struck you, I want to know why."

"It was only because I told him something—something I found out. And it was true, too!" Stella cried, once more overcome by the injustices visited upon her. "I told him—" She stopped, stood on tiptoe and beckoned Miss Gidley's ear to her lips. "I heard Miss Bess tell the man that came to see her today that Tim was her little boy," she whispered.

"Tim!" Miss Gidley gasped. "Oh, no! That can't be true—" And then the same doubts that were in Dr. Robbie's mind visited hers. But with this difference: where he hated them, tried to reject them, she welcomed them.

"Come into my office, Stella," she said softly. "I want to talk to you."

But as they turned, Bess Johnson came quickly down the stairs from the second floor.

"Miss Gidley," she called, "would you mind calling Dr. Clark? Tim's complaining of a headache, and I think he's running a high fever."

For an instant there was silence in the hall. Thelma Gidley let her eyes linger on Bess' drawn, worried face before she nodded. "Very well, Miss Johnson. I'll call him at once," she said, and there seemed to be a note of triumph in her voice.

Dinner with Bess and Miss Gidley sitting silently at opposite ends of the long table, was over before Dr. Robbie arrived. Preoccupied with her worry over Tim, Bess did not at first notice anything strange about his manner—did not notice how his eyes refused to meet hers directly, but searched her face covertly when she was not looking.

THEY went directly to Tim's tiny cubicle in the little boys' dormitory, and Robbie made a quick examination. Bess, standing by and watching his quick, sure hands, thought distractedly how wonderful it must be to hold in oneself the power to heal, how doubly wonderful to heal the tiny and the helpless.

He straightened up.

"I'm not sure," he said slowly. "I won't be, until tomorrow. But I think—" He broke off. "How long has he been ill?"

"Why—not long. That is, he didn't seem very well this morning, and I was afraid he might be catching a little cold. And then this afternoon he—that is, something upset him." She flushed, thinking of the child's hysterical invasion of her office while Steve was there.

"Um," Robbie said abstractedly. "Well—it just might be serious. We'll wait until morning. Then, if he isn't better. I'd like to move him to the hospital."

Bess' face shocked him, so white did it become. "The hospital! But—what is it?"

He hated himself for suspecting her—but would she have been so concerned over a mere orphan?



"Might be mastoid," he said shortly, unnecessarily and intentionally cruel. "Can't tell now."

He was about to leave, but then the misery in her face, her weary figure, brought him back to her. "Don't worry, Bess," he said awkwardly. "It may not be that at all. I'll look in first thing in the morning."

Driving back down the hill, he cursed himself. Why, if he could not dismiss from his mind what Stella had told him, didn't he have enough courage to ask Bess about it straight out? She would despise him if she knew his secret thoughts, despise him the more for keeping them secret.

There was little sleep for him that night, and even less for Bess. Lying awake in the darkness, she found her thoughts going in a never-ending, maddening circle. Steve Cortland—her promise to Marjorie—Tim—Tim's illness—Steve Cortland again. . . .

And suddenly the remembrance of Robbie's strange manner, dormant in her thoughts since he had left, sprang into full life. He had been so remote—not at all the dear friend she knew. Fruitlessly she tried to think of some way in which she might have offended him. And so a new problem, a new worry, took its place in the circling parade of thoughts.

Several times she tiptoed down the hall into Tim's room, and at dawn she was there again, staring down at his hot face, ringed with damp hair.

He was not better. He was worse, and at nine o'clock Dr. Robbie came and moved him to the hospital.

The necessity for hiding her anxiety almost drove her frantic. In Thelma Gidley's eyes she had caught already a look of suspicion—so definite a suspicion that it was useless to tell herself she was only being nervy.

SHE plunged desperately into the morning's work—only to find herself sitting at her desk, letters and lists spread out in front of her, neglected while she stared into space.

She had planned, after lunch to go to the hospital, find Robbie and learn all he knew of Tim's condition. But before she could leave the house, she had a visitor—Steve Cortland.

He came directly into her office without waiting to be announced.

"I want to talk to you about my son," he said without the briefest of preliminaries. "Are you going to let me have him? Quietly?"

"No," she said, leaning back in her chair, gripping the edge of her desk with her hands.

"Then I shall start a suit to get custody of him. I'll win it, too, you know. You haven't a shadow of right to him."

"Steve," she begged, "you don't want Tim. You know you don't. You only want to hurt me. Please, Steve, don't use that helpless child as an instrument for your own bitterness!"

His face didn't change. He might not have heard her.

"There will be a scandal if I have to sue. You'll probably lose your precious job here."

She took a deep, shuddering breath. "You can't sue now. Tim is ill—very ill. They took him to the hospital this morning."

"Ill!" Anger darkened his eyes, pulled at the muscles of his face. She'd forgotten his sudden, fierce rages. "And you sent him to the hospital? Without consulting me? What hospital? Who's the doctor?"

His anger helped her to be calm. "He's at the Glendale Hospital, and the doctor is our own doctor here. A very capable one."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Mastoid, we think," she said.

HE stood up. "I'm going to see him. I want to see that doctor, too."

"Don't you think you are being just a bit ridiculous—all this concern now, when you weren't even interested enough to come to the hospital when he was born?"

He didn't answer, but she saw hatred flare in the look he gave her, and for a moment after he'd gone she could only sit there, trembling; seeing Tim taken away from her, Hilltop House and her work crumbling before her eyes.

Then she got up and started downtown, to the hospital.

Steve was there before her, pacing the polished floor of the corridor outside Tim's room. He met her furiously.

"Who is this Dr. Clark you have on the case?" he demanded. "He refuses to let me into Tim's room."

"He's quite right," she said coldly. "Tim is ill, he doesn't know you, you would probably be very bad for him."

"The insolent young fool! See here, Bess, I'm calling in another doctor on this case, from Chicago. . . ."

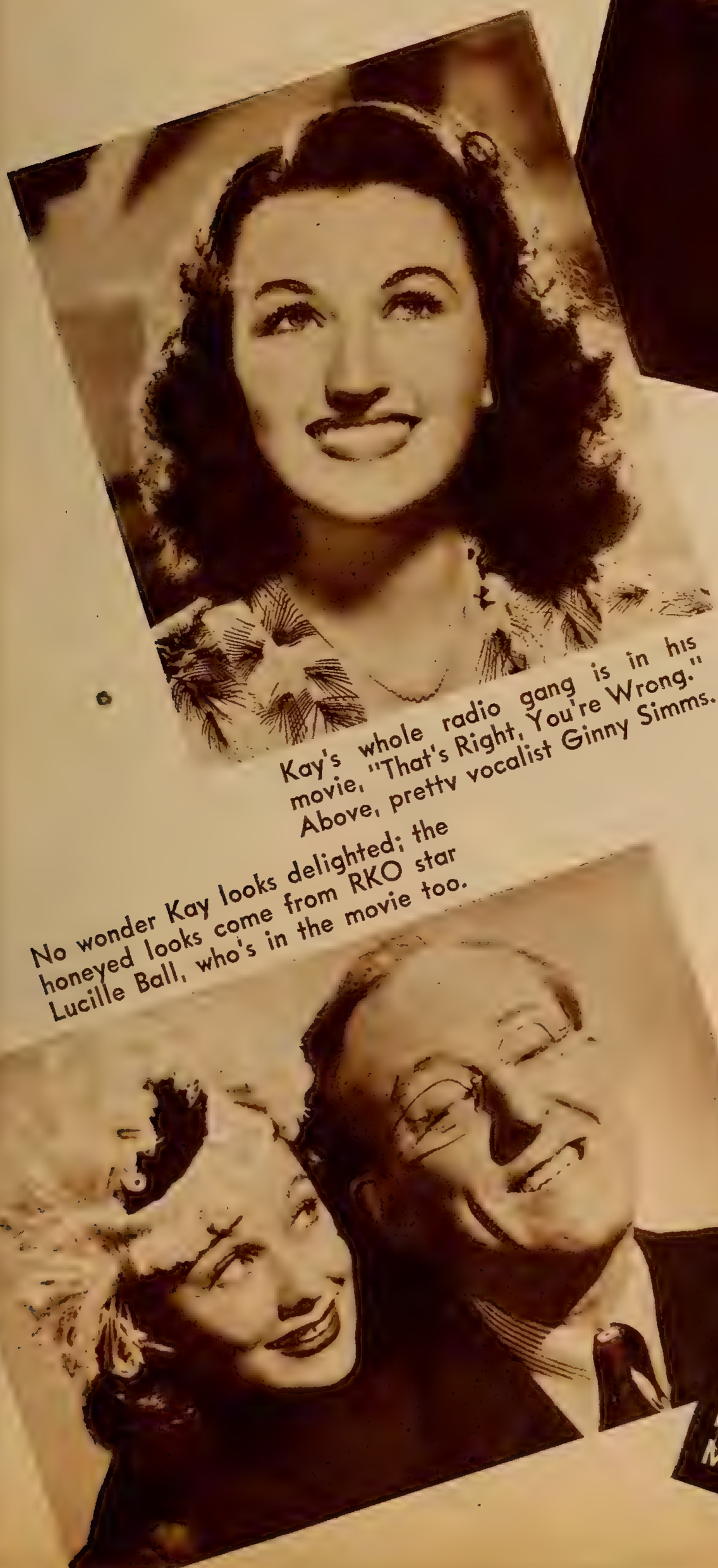
"I'll have to ask you to be quieter," cut in Robbie's voice from behind them. He was standing outside Tim's door, which he had just closed, looking at them both with icy bitterness. Then ignoring Cortland, he said to Bess: "It is mastoid. I would like to operate at once."

You'll (*Continued on page* 54)

RIGHT THIS WAY

— for the first movie by that madcap master of melodic mysticism, that mogul of music and mirth, Kay Kyser!





Kay's whole radio gang is in his movie, "That's Right, You're Wrong." Above, pretty vocalist Ginny Simms.

You'll see "That's Right, You're Wrong" about Christmas-time. Above, Kay with Adolphe Menjou; below, with May Robson.

No wonder Kay looks delighted; the honeyed looks come from RKO star Lucille Ball, who's in the movie too.

Get the mental agony in that bitten thumb as Ginger puts a point across!

An outflung arm to add a dramatic accent—and in the background Gable is awaiting his first cue.

Clark and Ginger together—can't you hear that typical Rogers chuckle?

Photos by Fink

The mike's all Clark's now—but Ginger's ready to pounce in a minute.

The title of this picture is "Oh, and so you think you're tough, hey?"

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

Glamour at work

Intense concentration in the Gary Cooper manner takes the form of gnawing on the tongue.
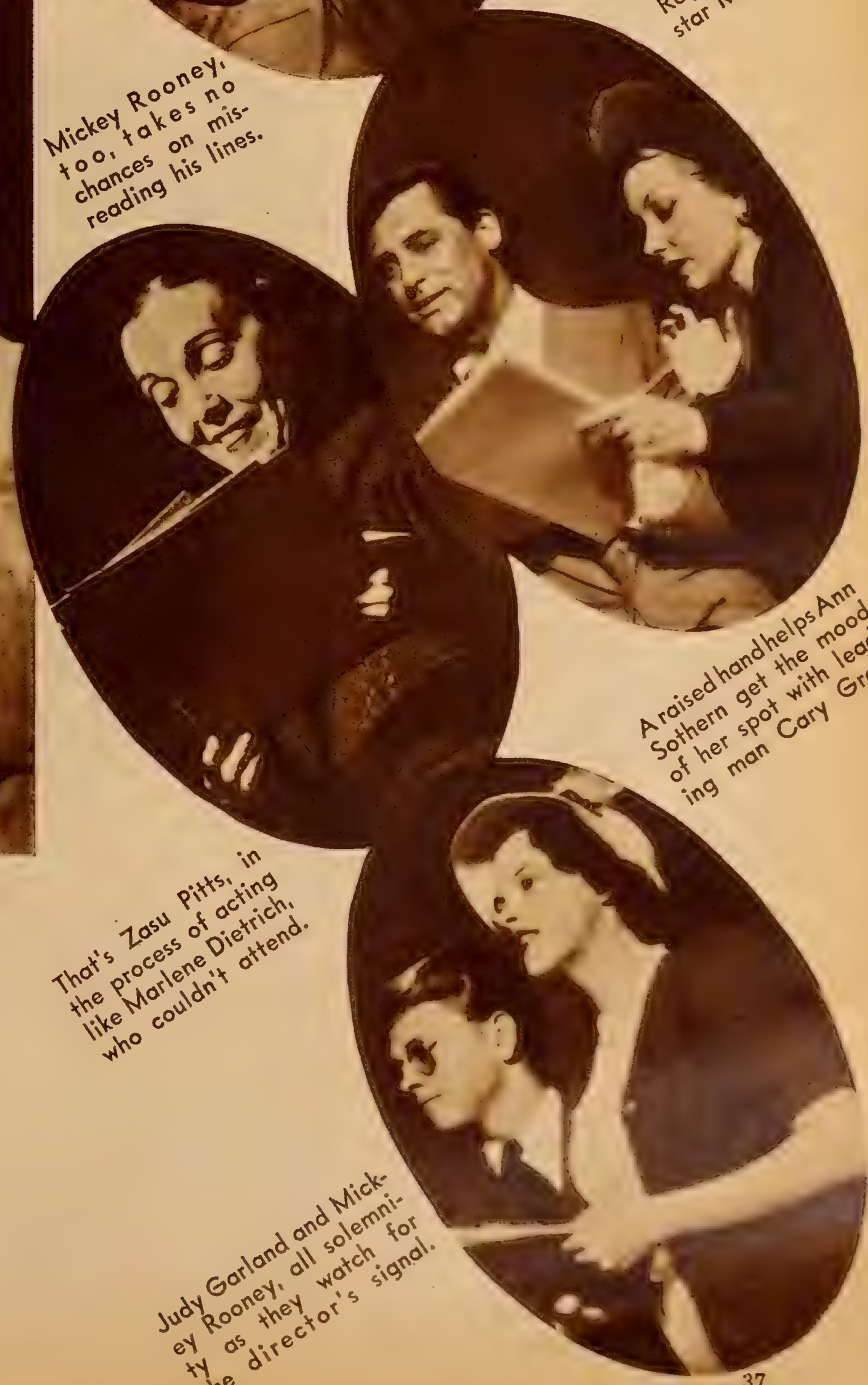




Mickey Rooney, too, takes no chances on misreading his lines.



Specs and all—they're master of ceremonies Roger Pryor and screen star Margaret Lindsay.



A raised hand helps Ann Sothern get the mood of her spot with leading man Cary Grant.

That's Zasu Pitts, in the process of acting like Marlene Dietrich, who couldn't attend.

Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, all solemnity as they watch for the director's signal.

THE camera couldn't be candider! Here's something new in the way of pictures—actual performance photographs of Hollywood's biggest stars, taken from the front row of the audience at Earl Carroll's Theater Restaurant during broadcasts of the CBS Sunday-night Gulf-Screen Guild show. They told RADIO MIRROR'S Hyman Fink that he couldn't take any pictures because his flashlight bulbs would distract the performers—so he went ahead and took pictures without the flashes, and got shots which for informality and charm surpass any we've ever seen before. They're black-and-white proof, too, that Hollywood stars, taken off their guard and hard at work, can make just as endearingly funny faces as anyone else.

WHERE WAS I WRONG?

■ **Must she pay for divorce with a lifetime of loneliness? One of radio's best-loved actresses brings you her own drama-filled story**

By VIRGINIA CLARK



Illustration by Walter Clark Dower

AND this decree will become final six months from this day. . . ."

It seemed strange, now, to walk out of the courtroom free. Strange, and—terrifying. For I was free to live my own life and to guide my son in the directions in which I thought he should travel—but also I was free to walk the streets in the endless search for a job, for bread and for shelter not alone for myself but for the tiny boy I had brought into the world.

It seemed to me that my life had come to a full stop, and that when it began again I should be a different person. Not the girl who had gaily taken parts in college plays and dreamed of being a "real" actress. Not the girl, either, who had studied at Mrs. Barnum's dramatic school, working to pay her tuition. I looked back upon these two selves as upon strangers. But most of all, I felt the difference between the Virginia Clark of this moment and the Virginia Clark who had married Ray, who had seen her marriage fail, had gone through the experience of having a child, had taken the agonizing decision of divorce.

I still loved Ray. It was as if I had cut a part of me away, coldly, deliberately—as if I had rejected a part of the essential me. Something new would have to grow, slowly, quietly, to take the place of what I had cut away.

It would have been good for me if I could have gone directly from that courtroom to begin broadcasting the story that was later to bring me so much—The Romance of Helen Trent. How much unhappiness it would have saved me! Not because of the money, although that of course would have helped—but for the lessons it would have taught me. The Romance of Helen Trent, you see, is very much my own story, from the moment my divorce was granted. By some trick of fate, I was to find myself, months later, reading lines as Helen Trent which might have been my own innermost thoughts; enacting the fictional role of a woman who believed that divorce had put an end to her life, just as I had enacted that role in real life. As Helen Trent, I saw mistakes that I myself had made; as Helen Trent I found a happiness that I almost missed in real life. . . .

But all that came later.

We moved into a small kitchenette apartment, my child and I, across the hall from my mother. I made the kitchen into a bedroom for the boy, because until we could make other arrangements we were to take our meals with Mother. I spent my days traveling from one office and employment agency to another, seeking work. Again I knew the discouragement of coming home in the dark evenings after long hours of job-hunting—but now I could always take fresh courage from the smile of a little boy who knew that his mother wouldn't let him down.

Days passed into weeks, weeks into months, and it was always the same. I could do nothing, and I could think of nothing but the problem of money. I had had no training for any particular job. There was little or nothing in the theatrical world, and for the few openings that did occur, fifty trained girls stood ready to step in. As time passed my doubts increased and I began to know a deep despair, a worry and a concern for the future that drove me almost frantic.

One night, at dinner, the telephone rang. It was Ellen Richards, one of my old friends, asking me to come to her home for a party that very night. I didn't want to go; I had reached the point where I dreaded meeting people, letting them see the lines of anxiety I was sure were beginning to show in my face. But Ellen begged me to come, and my mother seconded her. I shudder inwardly today, thinking how near I came to missing the most



She's lived the life of Helen Trent—Virginia Clark, star of the daily CBS serial, sponsored by Edna Wallace Hopper.

A tall, not handsome man called Bud drove me home. How nice, how warm his voice was . . . "May I call you up when I'm in town?"

important thing in my whole life.

How different this party seemed to me than the ones I remembered with Ray. Jack Richards, Ellen's husband, was an advertising man, and I think he must have sensed, or perhaps read in my strange restraint, my concern for the future.

Toward the end of the evening, he took me aside. "How are you getting along?" he wanted to know.

I was too tired to pretend. "Not very well," I admitted. "I've tried everything, but there just doesn't seem to be any opening. And the only training I've had has been in dramatic work."

Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "Say, you can sing. I'll tell you what—I'll get you an audition at NBC. I'll do it tomorrow!" He was so happy over the idea that his enthusiasm infected me. I'd never thought of radio; I hadn't even thought of myself, really, as a singer. But the moment after Jack made his suggestion I was again up in the clouds, dreaming of the success that awaited me. He made it all seem so easy, so simple!

A business man they called Bud drove me home. He had been so retiring, and I had been so preoccupied with my own problems, that we had hardly noticed each other during the evening.

When Bud stopped the car in front of my apartment house, and helped me out, he said—and I remember how nice, how warm, his voice was—"I'm out of town quite a bit, on business, but may I call you up when I am here once in a while?"

"Of course," I said. I didn't even think about him until the next day—when suddenly I remembered how indifferent he had been, except for that last-minute request. With what I suppose was typically feminine lack of logic, I forgot that I certainly hadn't paid much attention to him, and felt irritated because he hadn't seemed more bowled over by me. And then, after that momentary flash of pique, I forgot him again.

I had enough to think about, that day and the next. I still shiver a little when I think of the mental torture of those two days—and

nights. I couldn't think of anything but the audition, and how much it could mean. I thought of it so much I became panicky, and when the moment finally came when I stepped up to the microphone my heart was thudding and my breath coming in gasps. Of course I was terrible. I knew that long before the song was ended. I went home and cried myself to sleep because I had missed the biggest opportunity I had yet had.

BUT that audition had its effect, nevertheless. It showed me that there was such a thing as radio, which up to then I'd forgotten entirely. Almost overnight I became a ghost who haunted the offices of radio program directors and producers. I'm sure they all must have had to suppress a deep desire to hide under their desks whenever they saw me coming.

Six months. Six months of trying to get on the air before the lucky chance finally came. At WJJD, a singer had disappointed them at the last minute, and Cornelia Osgood—now a very fine radio actress but then the WJJD program director—let me fill in. There wasn't time to get frightened, and my performance went off naturally and spontaneously. Almost before I knew it, I was signing a thirteen-week contract with the studio, at fifteen dollars a week. It seemed a fortune!

It was soon after this that Bud called me up, for the first time since we'd met at the Richards'.

"Would you care to have dinner with me this evening?"

How different he was from Ray! His voice was quiet and business-like, and there was no humor or fun in it—none, that is, that I could catch then. Here was no wild attempt to sweep me off my feet; just a calm invitation to sit down at a table and have some food. I could take it or leave it. I took it.

"Been out of town on a selling trip," he said. "How've things been with you?"

He hadn't even heard of my "success"—that's what I called it in my thoughts. Somehow, he gave me the impression that he had no time for such things as radio, and I felt a little hurt that he hadn't been listening to my program. After dinner we went to a show and then for a drive. We talked about people and the depression and the weather, and he left me standing outside my apartment with a casual "See you again soon."

He was really very irritating. And very nice.

I was now throwing myself wholeheartedly into radio work. Nothing else really mattered, you see. At last I had found a profession, a means by which I could support myself and son. Unconsciously, I had made a personal philosophy for myself, and it brought me a sort of happiness. In those days I believed it was real happiness. Boiled down to its essentials, this philosophy consisted of just one word: Work.

It didn't really matter that frequently I wasn't paid for my radio work. I had my fifteen-dollar-a-week job, but I took any other job that came along, pay or no pay. It was all experience; it all helped me along toward my goal of making good in radio.

I suppose I was rather coldly calculating about it all—but as I saw it, my late marriage had taught me one good lesson, never to let my heart run away with my head.

Coming next month!

Another hit tune by a foremost danceband leader—an exclusive Radio Mirror feature

Time raced by. A new contract, at WCFL this time, at twenty-five dollars a week. Bit parts in this program and that. A job as mistress of ceremonies on a weekly variety program. Another as kitchen reporter for a food store. And suddenly—the realization that I had won. I was established in radio.

One day I rented a larger apartment and persuaded Mother to give up her work and then after almost ten years, I knew the joy of having our family together again. And while it was grand for me it was even more important for my youngster. He was beginning to reach the age where he needed more attention than I could give him and his grandparents made it possible for me to keep up with my work with the knowledge that he was in good hands while I was busy.

Life, I thought with satisfaction, was good.

It was good, too, to be seeing Bud on infrequent occasions.

We were friends. Our relationship seemed to me to be as comfortable and safe as an old shoe. He was a confirmed bachelor, I said to myself. And, of course, he must understand how completely I was through with romance. I didn't even hear the note of disappointment that crept into his voice when he called and I had to refuse to go out with him on account of my work. I was either stupid or wilfully blind. I don't know which.

One day I was invited to audition for the role of Helen Trent at WGN. Blair Walliser, the producer of the serial, had auditioned actresses for the title role until he was blue in the face. Perhaps it was no more than exhaustion that made him break down and take me when my turn came, at the end of the long list—but I hope it was something more than that. I hope it was because I *was* Helen Trent, and for that reason gave my reading a sincerity no one else had been able to give.

Blair explained the part to me. Helen Trent is a young divorcee, broken by an unhappy marriage, beginning to face a cold world on her own. She is faced with the problem of building a new life for herself on the ruins of the old. As soon as Blair gave me that brief outline of her, I felt within myself that here was a part I could not only play, but really *live*.

Whatever I have put into Helen Trent, Helen Trent has given back to me, many times over. She—and the people who have made her come alive on the air—have helped me to find a real happiness that I could never have had otherwise. There is, for example, Agatha Anthony, Helen's motherly adviser and friend. In real life, Agatha is a grand actress, Marie Nelson. And just as she helped Helen Trent rebuild her life in the script, she has helped me in my own life. It was not long after I began playing Helen that Marie told me her story, the story of her love for her husband, who before his prolonged illness had been her leading man on the stage.

THERE is nothing that takes the place of love in a man's or a woman's life, Virginia," she said. "You may think that all that has been killed in you, but you're wrong. Some day the right man will come along and you'll learn just how right I am and how wrong you are."

But I said to myself—my life has had love, and love played me false. No, although Marie's words were true for some people, they were not true (*Continued on page* 52)

HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual.

BETTE DAVIS, two-time Academy Award winner and Hollywood's finest actress, is mulling a radio script of "Queen Elizabeth." Thirteen weeks series was written by Kay Van Riper, author of the "Judge Hardy" series, when she was in radio five years ago. Miss Van Riper not only wrote the series but enacted the title role herself, before joining MGM as a writer. With the release of Bette Davis' "Elisabeth and Essex", Miss Van Riper dug up her old scripts and made them available to cinemastar Davis. So don't be surprised to hear that LaDavis has joined the radio ranks!

* * *

Most radio fans breathed a sigh of relief when they learned that idol Charles Boyer was not in active fighting on the Western Front, but actually was making French Propaganda films. Word from Paris assures us that Boyer will never re-enter the trenches as a buck private!

* * *

TELEVISION IS HERE!

The other night I witnessed the first public showing of radio and television combined on the Pacific Coast. The exhibition inaugurated the opening of the Pacific Coast Auto Show in Hollywood, and was released simultaneously over Thomas Lee Television Station (the only one on the coast) W6XAO, and radio station KHJ. The telecast was picked up five and one half miles away from the KHJ studios. His Honor, Mayor Fletcher Bowron of Los Angeles, who opened the Auto Show via Television, thus became the first American Mayor to become a part of the Pacific Coast's first public television demonstration. The telecast ran for two hours and included such talent as Morton Downey, Betty Jane Rhodes (the First Lady of Television), Maxine Gray, The Trojan Football Team, Thomas Lee, Willet Brown, Louis Allen Weiss, The King Sisters, and many, many more. The demonstration was pronounced an amazing success, since every speaker and actor was clearly visible to the thousands who watched the proceedings at the Auto Show.

* * *

MORE TELEVISION: Your reporter will be the first Hollywood Commentator to make regular telecasts. I have already started a once-weekly series over W6XAO; broadcast is received by over 500 television sets in the Los Angeles area.

* * *

Roger Pryor, emcee of the Screen Guild show, is returning to pictures, under the Bryan Foy banner. By the way, rumors still persist that all is not well between Pryor and his actress-wife, Ann Sothern!



Edward G. Robinson and his new Lorelei, Ona Munson, go over their script for the Big Town program together. Ona and Eddie are old friends; played in a newspaper movie together once.

A bit of cheek-tweaking goes on between the CBS Star Theater's Ken Murray and Irene.

Al Pearce is proud because Sandra, his Great Dane, has won over 25 blue ribbons.

"Blame It On My Youth" is the title of the story Judy Garland is writing. She hopes to have MGM produce it as a starring vehicle for herself.

* * *

Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny's wife-comedienne, deserves the credit for discovering Dennis Day, new tenor sensation. She happened to hear him on the air one evening during her stay in New York last July, took the trouble to inquire about him and obtained a record of Day's voice. This she took personally to Jack, who was then in Chicago. After hearing the record, Jack returned to New York to audition Dennis. Jack's new tenor discovery now has the top vocal spot in radio, after having sung professionally only twice when he was asked to audition for Benny. Incidentally, Day is one of the youngest

(*Continued on page* 64)

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Treasure Trails of Song**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Animal News**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Today in Europe**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Wings OverJordan**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **March of Games**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Morning Musical**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Children's Hour**
	10:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **News**
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Vernon Crane's Story Book**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Walter Logan Music**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **On the Job**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Metropolitan Moods**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **From Hollywood Today**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Great Plays**
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Smoke Dreams**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **N. Y. Philharmonic**
1:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **I Want a Divorce**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Bookman's Notebook**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **H. Leopold Spitalny**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **News from Europe**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Bob Becker Dog Chats**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Jimmy Dorsey Orch.**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Roy Shield's Orchestra**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
8:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Hobby Lobby**
2:00	4:00	5:00	MBS: **Musical Steelmakers**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Moylan Sisters**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **Four Star News**
9:00	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Ben Bernie**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Met Opera Auditions**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Silver Theater**
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS: **Listen America**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Grouch Club**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **European News Roundup**
8:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Jack Benny**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Screen Guild Theater**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Mr. District Attorney**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
7:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Orson Welles**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE, EDGAR BERGEN**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Ford Symphony**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
9:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **The Parker Family**
8:15	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
6:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Goodwill Hour**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Ellery Queen**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Primrose Quartet**
10:00	10:30	11:00	CBS: **Paul Sullivan**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Robert S. Allen and Drew Pearson go over their script.

Tune-In Bulletin for November 26, December 3, 10, 17 and 24!

November 26: Marion Anderson, famous American contralto, is the guest star on the CBS Ford Hour at 9:00—and something you shouldn't miss. . . . The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, CBS at 3:00, is playing works by Berlioz, Elgar, Weinberger and Beethoven—a quartet of immortals.

December 3: Tonight at 8:00 is your last chance to hear Rudy Vallee as master of ceremonies on the Chase and Sanborn Hour, NBC-Red. . . . The composers represented on this afternoon's New York Philharmonic concert, CBS at 3:00, are Weber, Respighi, Wagner and Tschaikowsky. . . . Grace Moore is the guest star on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

December 10: Birthday greetings to two of today's stars—Dorothy Lamour of the Chase and Sanborn Hour (to which Don Ameche should be returning tonight) and Jean Dickenson of the American Album of Familiar Music, NBC-Red at 9:30. . . . John Charles Thomas is the guest on the Ford Hour.

December 17: Gladys Swarthout sings on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00.

December 24: It's Christmas Eve, and the air will be full of holiday good spirits. . . . Most eagerly awaited program is Shirley Temple's debut on the Screen Actors Guild program, CBS at 7:30. . . . Marion Anderson sings again on the Ford program.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Listen, America, featuring Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen in Washington's Merry-Go-Round, Gracie Barrie and Erno Rapee's orchestra—on the Mutual network at 6:00, E.S.T.

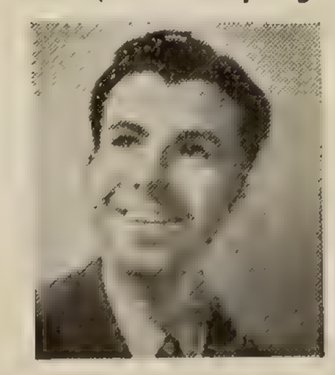
The reason the paragraph above doesn't tell you who sponsors Listen, America, is that the show has a different pay-roller everywhere it's heard. In some towns it even doesn't have a sponsor at all.

Having several different sponsors makes Listen, America, a radio engineer's nightmare. Everything has to be timed to the split second. A day or so before the show goes on the air a cue-sheet has to be sent to all the stations carrying the show, so they'll know when to cut the program out and insert their own commercial announcements. Some stations that carry the program don't have a sponsor for it, so they don't cut into the show, and for their sake Erno Rapee and the orchestra have to play a musical "bridge" to fill in the time while the other stations are reading their commercials. And all the commercials must fit into the same reading time, so the program can get under way again, all across the country. Complicated? It's too feeble a word.

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, who twice during the program bring you news and predictions from Washington, are two of the United States' smartest reporters. Their reports are gossipy and racy.

Gracie Barrie, the little musical comedy and revue star who is getting her first big network break in Listen, America, was scared to death her first few broadcasts because she'd never worked with such a highbrow bandleader as Erno Rapee. She was afraid he'd go Toscanini on her and scold her for holding a note half-a-second too long—but now that she's got to know him better she's not so nervous.

Listen, America, doesn't have a studio audience. It is broadcast from a small studio in New York because Mutual's big playhouse atop the New Amsterdam Theater is occupied during the half-hour just preceding and the one just following Listen, America. Besides, Pearson and Allen talk from Washington, and wouldn't be visible to the studio audience even if there were one.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

DENIS DAY—the tenor who's been on Jack Benny's program (NBC-Red at 7:00) only a few weeks but has already made his song and comedy dialogue something to look forward to. Denis was born in New York in 1916 and went to Manhattan College. After graduation he studied music, although he really intended to be a lawyer until his air success. This is his first sponsored show.

INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **News**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Norsemen Quartet**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Blondie**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **One of the Finest**
7:30	9:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Larry Clinton**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Tune-up Time**
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Sherlock Holmes**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Tommy Riggs**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Howard and Shelton**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I. Q.**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Alec Templeton Time**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Alec Templeton at the piano, with his manager beside him.

Tune-In Bulletin for November 27, December 4, 11, 18 and 25!

November 27: Jimmy Lunceford and his swell band open at the Southland Cafe, Boston, tonight, and from now on you'll be hearing a lot of them over NBC-Red and Blue.

December 4: Good listening for adults as well as kids is the CBS School of the Air program—and to help you pick what you want to hear on it, your Almanac will list the subjects each day. . . . Today's is Tomorrow's Fuel, in the Frontiers of Democracy series. . . . Time is 9:15 E.S.T., 2:30 C.S.T. and P.S.T.

December 11: Today's School of the Air subject: Mastering the Machine.

December 18: The Chase Twins, on NBC-Blue at 1:30 this afternoon, is your old favorite, Peables Takes Charge, under another name.

December 25: If you can spare time from opening all those packages, radio has many fine Christmas programs for you—and it doesn't make any difference what network you pick, they'll all be worth hearing.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Alec Templeton Time, on NBC-Red at 9:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Alka-Seltzer.

Alec Templeton, the British-born pianist who after five years in America is just beginning to be fully appreciated by American listeners, is the hub around which this sparkling half-hour of music revolves. It has a twelve-voice mixed choir directed by William Miller and a seventeen-piece orchestra conducted by Daniel Saidenberg, and each program has a guest star. Other shows have choirs and orchestras and guest stars, but no other show has Templeton—reason enough for lending your ears at 9:30 tonight.

Although the fact is never paraded in his publicity, it's no secret that Alec Templeton is blind, and has been so from birth. Despite this handicap, which he insists is no handicap at all, he's a unique sort of musician. He's probably the only legitimate classical pianist who can play jazz and swing and other popular music with such ability and enjoyment that jitterbugs wouldn't think of calling him a "longhair."

Alec prepares all the special musical arrangements for the broadcast, working with Eugene Ostergren, music counselor, who sits by with paper and pencil, jotting down the music as Alec works it out on the piano. Alec's own "musical impressions," the extremely funny tricks he plays with his piano, are responsible for most of his popularity. He works them out all by himself, usually practicing and polishing them for two or three weeks before they're ready for the air.

Stanley North, Alec's manager, is constantly with him. They travel together on Alec's frequent concert tours, usually going by automobile.

On the air, Alec recites all his lines from memory, of course, and this means that they must all be written in short sentences and in a manner easy for him to memorize. North always sits beside him at the piano during a broadcast, keeping his eye on Edward Simmons, the director of the program and conveying Simmons' directions to Alec by a system of signals they've worked out. North puts his hand on Alec's back, and if Simmons wants Alec to hurry because time is getting short, he moves his hand in a circular motion; if Simmons wants Alec to slow down, he moves it horizontally.

Alec came to the United States five years ago with Jack Hylton's orchestra. He'd already attained success in England, but he liked this country so much he stayed, and has taken out citizenship papers.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

CHARLOTTE MANSON—who plays Bryn Clark Barrington, the Number One Glamour Girl, in the CBS serial, Society Girl, at 3:15 this afternoon. Like her radio character, Charlotte is a New Yorker. Her childhood ambition was to be an actress, but her parents disapproved and wanted her to teach dramatics instead. Just before she graduated from college, though, she went into radio.

Complete Programs from November 24 to December 26

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Program**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Our Spiritual Life**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Jimmie Fidler**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **HELEN MENKEN**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **EDWARD G. ROBINSON**
5:00	7:00	8:00	MBS: **La Rosa Concert**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The Aldrich Family**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Walter O'Keefe**
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
9:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: **We, The People**
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Bob Crosby**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Meet Mr. Weeks**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Fibber McGee and Molly**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Hope**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Fun With the Famous**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Doghouse**

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ We, the People on the air: a guest, Heatter, Warnow, Von Zell.

Tune-In Bulletin for November 28, December 5, 12, 19, 26!

November 28: Lumberjack songs are being featured today on the CBS School of the Air program. . . .

December 5: Last Tuesday's lumberjack songs are followed up today with songs of teamsters on the School of the Air.

December 12: Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights open tonight at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. You'll hear them over CBS. . . . Courting songs are featured on the School of the Air—listen and you'll find them very funny.

December 19: Your old friends of The Guiding Light, the Kransky Family, are the principal characters of Irna Phillips' newest serial, The Right to Happiness, on NBC-Blue at 10:15 this morning.

December 26: For that after-Christmas let-down, your Almanac prescribes the Easy Aces on NBC-Blue at 7:00, Johnny Presents on NBC-Red at 8:00, and Fibber McGee and Molly on NBC-Red at 9:30. They ought to help you cheer up.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: We, the People, sponsored by Sanka Coffee, heard on CBS at 9:00 E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the Pacific Coast at 9:30, P.S.T.

The stagehand at Columbia's Playhouse No. 1, where We, the People originates, say he knows this is the craziest show on the air because he has had to build so many special pieces of equipment for it. For instance, he recently made a huge chair for Robert Wadlow, the eight-feet-nine-inch tall boy from Alton, Illinois. Other chores have been to build a cage for a gorilla (it had to be strong enough so the gorilla couldn't get out, too) and a complicated wire and glass enclosure for a colony of bees.

The fact is, nobody ever knows what strange persons will show up on a We, the People broadcast, because the whole idea of the show is to present a cross-section of American life. Anybody with an interesting story is apt to find a welcome. On one program, guests were Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, a former prizefighter named "Battling Nelson," and a Southern sharecropper who could neither read nor write. The three of them got along fine and had a nice chat after the show.

About two dozen behind-the-scenes workers are necessary to get We, the People on the air. There's a research staff which reads the thousands of letters written by folks who think their lives are interesting enough to be broadcast. This staff also searches newspapers and magazines for likely prospects, and sends about fifty suggested names to the program producers every day. Out of these, seven or eight are selected for one week's show.

Part of the production staff is assigned to meeting We, the People's guests when they arrive in New York the Sunday morning before the broadcast, and taking care of them while they're in town. This isn't as easy as you might think. One woman could never be left alone, even for a minute, because she had a genius for getting lost in the city streets. Another fellow got grumpier and grumpier as Tuesday night and broadcast-time approached. Nobody knew what was the matter with him until one of the staff got him to confess that he wasn't satisfied with the food he'd been getting in New York. They took him out Tuesday night, before the program, and gave him a steak dinner that would have fed six truck drivers, and after that he was happy. Everyone who appears on We, the People of course has his expenses for Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, plus railroad fare, paid by the program.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



WILLIAM N. ROBSON—who directs and produces the Big Town program on CBS at 8:00 tonight. You don't hear Bill's voice on the air but he's responsible for much of the enjoyment you get out of the program. Born in Pittsburgh in 1906, Bill has been a newspaper man, musician and movie writer. He entered radio as a writer in 1933, and in three weeks was producing his own program. Before that, he'd toured Europe three times at the head of his own orchestra. He's well over six feet tall, and he likes symphonic music and chess more than athletics, though he does enjoy sailing and swimming.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Show**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Four Showmen**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Homespun**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Roy Shield Revue**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
		6:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Al Pearce**
6:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Herbert Marshall**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **PAUL WHITEMAN**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Quick Silver Quiz**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Avalon Time**
8:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER**
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **FRED ALLEN**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE**

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Woman in Love cast stops rehearsal for a cup of tea.

Tune-In Bulletin for November 29, December 6, 13 and 20!

November 29: Woody Herman and his band open tonight at The Famous Door, New York swing night spot. Listen to them on NBC. . . . Canada Joins the Map is the subject for today's School of the Air story, on CBS at 9:15.

December 6: Here's your last chance to hear Glenn Miller's orchestra playing from the Meadowbrook Country Club in New Jersey. . . . The School of the Air presents Down the Mississippi to the Sea.

December 13: William Hiram Foulkes talks today at 12:30 over NBC-Red, starring in his program called Homespun. . . . The School of the Air story is about the discovery and purchase of Alaska.

December 20: Your Almanac's tip for a present to give that youngster you particularly like: a small radio set for his or her own room. . . . There's a prizefight being broadcast tonight from Madison Square Garden over NBC-Blue at 10:00. Bill Stern will do the announcing.

ON THE AIR TODAY: By Kathleen Norris, on CBS at 5:00 P.M., E.S.T., sponsored by Wheaties. The serial you're hearing now is Woman in Love, adapted for radio from one of Mrs. Norris' best-selling novels, and when it's finished the program will go right on with another story.

The idea of putting radio versions of the works of famous authors on the air originated in the fertile brain of Phillips Lord, who used to be Seth Parker but abandoned that for the job of thinking up and producing programs. He persuaded Kathleen Norris to let him adapt her novels first, and since they've been on the air has signed up Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, and the literary executors of the late S S. Van Dine. The authors of the original books don't do any actual work on the radio scripts; their books are adapted in the Lord office.

You who have been following the serial, Woman in Love, in Radio Mirror will find added pleasure in listening to the air show. Arline Blackburn plays Tamara, and the rest of the cast is: House Jameson as Mayne, Lawson Zerbe as Lance, Effie Palmer as Mother Lawrence, Mildred Baker as Dolores Quinn, Eleanor Audley as Coral, Mary Cecil as Ivy Lippinger, Carl Frank as Joe Halloway, Betty Garde as Mrs. Wiley and Frank Lovejoy as Frank Feeney. You'll notice, probably, that although the story has been changed very little in its transition to radio, a few of the characters have been made more important.

The picture above shows one reason radio actors like to work in By Kathleen Norris. It just happens that most of the members of the cast have very busy days in radio, and Brice Disque, the director, thought it would refresh them and make them give better performances if tea were served in the middle of rehearsal. So every afternoon at 4:00 (they rehearse from 3:00 until air-time at 5:00) a restaurant sends up a big tray of tea and cookies, and the entire cast knocks off work for ten or fifteen minutes, while Phillips Lord pays the bill. Shown in the picture above are (seated) Lawson Zerbe, Arline Blackburn, Mildred Baker and Frank Lovejoy; (standing) announcer Dwight Weist, the sound-effects man, and Elsie Thompson, the organist.

The soliloquy comes into its own in Woman in Love as it's presented on the air. Every now and then one of the characters steps up to the microphone and whispers his or her thoughts, so the listening audience will know just how that character feels about a certain situation. Another innovation is having the characters repeat, at the start of each instalment, a few lines from the preceding day's script, in order to set the scene.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

ANN SHEPHERD—who has replaced Elspeth Eric as Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne, in the CBS serial of the same name, heard at 3:00 this afternoon. Ann isn't new to the program, since she's played other roles in it before now. She was born in Chicago, and began her dramatic career there when she was sixteen. Later she went to Hollywood, was featured in several pictures, and then came East to enter radio and continue her stage work. She stepped into the Joyce Jordan role when Elspeth Eric left the cast to be in the stage play, "Margin for Error." Ann's dark-haired, dark-eyed, tiny, and enjoys cooking.

Eastern Standard Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Show**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **American Life**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **The Guest Book**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Vox Pop**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **One of the Finest**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Ask it Basket**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **One Man's Family**
9:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Strange as it Seems**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Joe Penner**
9:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Those We Love**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Rochester Philharmonic**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Americans at Work**

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ One of the Town Meeting's audience rises to ask a question.

Tune-In Bulletin for November 30, December 7, 14 and 21!

November 30: In some states this is still Thanksgiving Day, so the networks are playing no favorites—they are broadcasting Thanksgiving programs. . . . Mutual, for instance, has some special holiday music by Henry Weber on the Concert Revue program at 10:30 P. M., E. S. T. . . . Mutual's Inside of Sports program at 7:45 tells the story of Lucky Baldwin, founder of the Santa Anita race track. . . . The School of the Air this morning tells a story: Look See with Uncle Bill, by Will James.

December 7: With a whoop and a holler, Bob Burns returns tonight to the Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-Red at 10:00—and no doubt he has some new tall stories to tell. . . . Larry Clinton's band opens at the Meadowbrook Country Club, broadcasting over NBC.

December 14: The secrets of a private detective are to be revealed on Americans at Work tonight. . . . And the School of the Air story is a Christmas one—The Poor Count's Christmas, by Frank L. Stockton.

December 21: For some good music, tune in the Rochester orchestra, NBC-Blue at 9.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: America's Town Meeting of the Air, on NBC-Blue at 9:30.

Here is a program that would shock the citizens of almost any other country in the world but the United States. They wouldn't believe it possible to put on an hour of discussion on vital questions in which nobody was censored or was afraid to speak his mind. They wouldn't understand how a working journalist could be allowed to argue in public with a cabinet minister of the American government—Madame Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins; or how an average citizen could appear on the same platform to oppose the President's wife.

There are things about America's Town Meeting that even experienced radio men in this country don't understand. Up to its first broadcast, in May, 1935, radio program men insisted that an hour's discussion of political problems was too dry and high-brow for the listening audience. They added that even if a few men might listen to it, no woman ever would, because women didn't understand or enjoy politics. So the first Town Meeting broadcast went on the air—and by the following Monday 3,000 fan letters had come in, most of them from women. Women are still in the majority of those who write in.

You only hear half of the Town Meeting program, because it really begins at 8:30, a whole hour before it goes on the air. Led by Dr. Arthur E. Bestor, President of Chautauqua and chairman of the Town Hall Board of Trustees, the discussion of the evening's question gets under way. For this first hour, there aren't any scheduled speakers—people just stand up in the audience and tell what they think.

At 9:30 the broadcast starts, and George V. Denny takes over the job of being moderator from Dr. Bestor. The scheduled speakers are given a certain amount of time to make their points; then a sign on the manuscript-stand in front of them flashes, and they know it's time to stop and let the opposing speaker have his say. This more or less formal debate goes on until 10:00, and then once more the people in the audience are invited to ask the speakers questions. Now comes the really hot part of the evening, with the speakers having to think up answers to embarrassing questions shot at them from all parts of the auditorium.

Only twice has any one in the audience lost his temper in the heat of argument. Each time some one called the speaker a liar, and had to be asked to leave. Both times the offending member of the audience felt sorry afterwards and apologized.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

PATTY CONLEY—the winner of a contest sponsored by the Chicago Boys Clubs, and at present the lad who plays the role of Spottie in Scattergood Baines, this afternoon at 5:45, E. S. T., on CBS. Every boys' club in Chicago entered someone in the contest, which required boys to write, act in, and produce a radio script—and even build their own sound equipment. Patty was the winner, the committee of judges decided. He's thirteen years old, one of a family of thirteen children from Chicago's South Side, and has never until now had any formal dramatic training. Even without it, he usually steals the show.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Variety Show**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **The Wife Saver**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
2:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Life Can be Beautiful**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Man I Married**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **The Right to Happiness**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
1:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Midstream**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
11:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Brenda Curtis**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Jack Berch**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **When a Girl Marries**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Dr. Daniel A. Poling**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Ellen Randolph**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **The Chase Twins**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Fed. Women's Clubs**
	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Revue Program**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Your Family and Mine**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **My Son and I**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Girl Interne**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: **Society Girl**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
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1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
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2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **By Kathleen Norris**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
	6:00	5:15	CBS: **Billy and Betty**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Midstream**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:15	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
		6:05	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **I Love a Mystery**
6:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Josef Marais**
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Kate Smith**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Carson Robison's Buckaroos**
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Johnny Presents**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **George Jessel**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Young Man With a Band**

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Guy and Carmen run over tunes for the Hit of Tomorrow.

Tune-In Bulletin for November 24, December 1, 8, 15 and 22!

November 24: Duke Ellington is the star tonight of CBS' Young Man with a Band program at 10:30. . . . Bob Chester and his band open at the Hotel Nicollet in Minneapolis, broadcasting over NBC. . . . While Joe Sanders' band goes into the Blackhawk Hotel in Chicago, to be heard on CBS.

December 1: Lou Ambers and Henry Armstrong fight tonight for the welterweight championship of the world, and as usual Bill Stern will be right there to tell you all about it over NBC-Blue at 10:00.

December 8: They've got another quiz show for kids now—called Name It and It's Yours, with Ed East as master of ceremonies, on NBC-Blue at 8:00.

December 15: For prize-fight fans—a fight from Madison Square Garden tonight on NBC-Blue, with Bill Stern telling you about it.

December 22: For a pleasant half-hour, how about Carson Robison and his Buckaroos, on NBC-Blue at 8:30?

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians, on NBC-Red at 10:00, E.S.T., sponsored by the Lady Esther Company.

Bands may come and bands may go, but the popularity of the Lombardos goes on forever. Here they are, in one of the few network programs built completely around a danceband and dance music, without news commentators, glamorous guest stars, or comedians. Just music, Lombardo variety. You hear them also on CBS, Monday nights.

The Lombardo band consists of thirteen musicians, plus Guy. Included in the thirteen are the Lombardo trio and brothers Carmen and Lebert, who sing choruses.

The biggest feature of the Lady Esther Serenade is the "Hit of Tomorrow"—a new song which Guy predicts will be a big success. The "Hit of Tomorrow" was started on one of Guy's unsponsored broadcasts a few years ago, and grew into such an important listener attraction that he transferred it to his commercial shows. It's one of the few accurate forecasts of a song's popularity on the networks. No less than sixty-five per cent of the nation's hit songs have been introduced and played for the first time by the Lombardo band. Music publishers often bring their manuscripts to Guy and Carmen before making up their minds whether or not to publish them. On days when the band rehearses for the Serenade, Guy and Carmen spend two hours looking over possibilities for the following week's show, and generally sift through about a hundred tunes before selecting one.

Carmen, of course, is a songwriter himself, but he never takes advantage of his position as co-selector of the "Hit of Tomorrow" to push his own tunes. He submits his song under a pen-name, and lets it stand entirely on its own merits when the time comes for Guy to inspect it.

A Lombardo rehearsal is a study in contrasts. Up until two o'clock, when it actually begins, the studio is full of radio editors, music publishers, song-pluggers, and booking agents, making a cheerful hubbub. After two, they are all gone and the room is serenely quiet, except for the soft Lombardo music. The music itself never needs much rehearsal—all the musicians are too experienced and expert—but Guy always insists on a "balance test" to make sure every man is exactly the right distance from the microphone to make the music blend harmoniously. Each instrumentalist plays the scale, while Guy sits in the control room and watches the electric indicators to find out if the music registers correctly. He's been known to switch a man's position as many as fifteen times.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

BETTY GARDE—who plays Connie in My Son and I, on CBS at 2:35 this afternoon, and Belle on Lorenzo Jones, NBC-Red at 4:30 this afternoon. She's one of radio's best actresses, and won laurels on the stage recently as well. Born in Philadelphia in 1906, she got her first professional stage job just after graduating from high school. She'd intended to go to college, but liked the stage so much she gave up the notion. She played on Broadway and on tour, and was in several movies when the talkies were young. For several years she was Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch in that serial. She's red-haired, blue-eyed.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Dick Liebert**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **Harvey and Dell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Texas Robertson**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Fiddler's Fancy**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Cloutier's Orch.**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **The Crackerjacks**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Morin Sisters**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Wise Man**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **No School Today**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Barry McKinley**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Bright Idea Club**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Young People's Concert**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Charioteers**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Ross Trio**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Hilda Hope, M.D.**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Education Forum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Eastman School of Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Country Journal**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **FARM BUREAU**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Three Quarter Time**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **METROPOLITAN OPERA**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Ray Kinney Orch.**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Orchestra**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Sonny James Orch**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Laval Orchestra**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Orchestra**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten**
3:05	5:05	6:05	CBS: **Albert Warner**
3:05	5:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: **Les Brown Orch.**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **What's Art to Me**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Religion in the News**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Orchestra**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Gay Nineties Revue**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Art for Your Sake**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Gang Busters**
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Melody and Madness**
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Wayne King's Orch.**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Youth vs. Age**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Stop Me if You've Heard This One**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Hall of Fun**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Benny Goodman**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **ARTURO TOSCANINI**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Arch Oboler's Plays**

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Milton Berle (center) with gag-busters Hershfield and Flippen.

Tune-In Bulletin for November 25, December 2, 9, 16 and 23!

November 25: The Melody and Madness program shows up tonight at a new time—8:00 to 8:30 on NBC-Red, with a repeat broadcast reaching the Pacific Coast at 9:00. But whether Bob Benchley will still be its star wasn't known when your Almanac went to press. . . . Bill Stern describes the Harvard-Yale football game over NBC this afternoon. It's being played at Cambridge.

December 2: All the networks are scrambling to be on the spot to tell you about the Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia today. It's scheduled on NBC, CBS and Mutual. . . . Music-lovers will tune in NBC-Blue at 2:00 this afternoon to hear the first broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House. . . . And they'll tune in the same stations at 10:00 tonight for Arturo Toscanini's last broadcast until after the first of the year. It's to be a gala occasion, held in Carnegie Hall instead of the NBC studio, and Toscanini will play Beethoven's Choral Fantasy and his famous Choral Symphony, the Ninth.

December 9: There's a new conductor for the NBC Symphony Orchestra tonight at 10:00—Desire de Fauw, a Belgian conductor who is making his American debut tonight.

December 16: Arch Oboler's plays are coming from Hollywood now—NBC-Red at 10:30—and their quality is just as fine as it ever was.

December 23: It's fine to be able to hear Wayne King on the air again—tune him in tonight at 8:30 over CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Stop-Me-If-You've-Heard-This-One, on NBC-Red at 8:30, E.S.T., sponsored by Quaker Oats.

Have you any favorite jokes? If you have, mail them in to this program, and if they're used on the air you'll get paid good money. Better yet, if they're used and none of the three gag-buster experts on the show can think of the right tag-lines to them, you'll get paid even more.

Stop-Me-If-You've-etc. is a variation on Information Please, only instead of questions, jokes are used. Comedian Milton Berle tells the first part of a joke to a board composed of Harry Hershfield, Jay C. Flippen and a guest star. They're supposed to think of the correct tag-line. If they don't, the person who submitted the joke wins.

Cal Tinney (say hello to him below) is the lad who thought up the idea for Stop Me. Not only isn't he on the program, but he's running his own program at the very same time Saturday nights on NBC-Blue—so maybe Cal doesn't really care what people listen to at 8:30 tonight, as long as they don't tune in CBS. He gets a royalty from the Stop Me show for the idea.

Not much rehearsal would be needed for this show, if it weren't for the fact that every week a guest band, called the Band of Honor, supplies the music. Since it's a comedy program, and comedy means careful timing of cues, Milton Berle and announcer Dan Seymour have to rehearse with the new band every Saturday.

Milton Berle is busier at a rehearsal than any other radio star. He personally supervises every little detail, tells the orchestra leaders how he wants the music played, runs into the control room to listen to it, dashes back to the microphone for his lines—as full of activity as a cat on a hot stove. He wears his hat all the time, and addresses everyone on the program, male or female, as "baby."

Because Stop Me goes on the air at 8:30 and lasts until 9:00, a Broadway play has to delay its Saturday-night performance. "See My Lawyer," in which Berle is starred, doesn't raise its curtain until five minutes after nine on Saturday nights. Even at that, he has to do some tall sprinting to get to the theater on time. Naturally, he wears his make-up at the broadcast in Studio 8-G of NBC's Radio City.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



CAL TINNEY—master of ceremonies on Youth vs. Age, on NBC-Blue at 8:30 tonight. His full name is Calvin Lawrence Tinney, and he got it because a woman who lived on a neighboring ranch in Pontoctoc County, Oklahoma, where he was born, offered his mother a set of diapers for the privilege of naming the new infant. Cal went to the local schools and then enrolled in the University of Oklahoma—but left when authorities discovered he had never finished school. He started newspaper work when he was eleven, as a printer's devil, then advanced until he had a syndicated column and moved on into radio.

Rochester Van Jones Rides High

(*Continued from page* 31)

Santa Anita and Hollywood Park (a luxury Jack Benny gave up long ago.) For a while Rochester even had his own night club in the sophisticated center of Los Angeles' Harlem, Central Avenue. He whips about in silken high hat and tails, far more socially *arrivé* in his circle than Jack ever was in his. He has his own gentleman's gentleman to keep him in "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." He sports more official badges, civic citations and honors than Jack ever bagged. He plays a snappy game of golf. His wedding this year was one of the gala social events of the Central Avenue cafe society season.

Even Jack Benny scratches his thinning gray thatch in wonder as he surveys the smoke in Rochester's wake and mutters his favorite line, "What's that guy got that I haven't got?" Last Christmas Jack presented Rochester with a lucky rabbit's foot on a gold chain. Now he wishes he had it back. "Rochester doesn't need it," grins Jack. "I do!"

THE transformation of Eddie Anderson, in and out colored vaudeville hoofer and straight man, into the professionally and personally glorious Rochester Van Jones is mixed up mainly with two frolics of Hollywood fate. One involved a train trip of Jack Benny's gang back to Hollywood from New York; the other certain delusions of Oscar, the Paramount studio bootblack. It happened like this:

Some two and a half years ago, Jack and his ace writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, who plot all the funny business each week on the Benny show, huddled their harried heads with no more ideas for the show next week in Hollywood than rabbits. They were riding west, somewhere near Chicago. The roadbed was bumpy. "How can you think on a train anyway?" grumbled Jack. "It's a headache."

"Headaches can be funny," said Bill. "Let's work out a train routine."

"What'll we use for a straightman?" asked Jack. "The conductor?"

"A porter's funnier," offered Bill.

"Boys," cried Jack, "we've got it. Wire Hollywood and get a colored porter for the show. Now let's get a script together."

Maybe you remember the "Albuquerque" program of Jack Benny's a couple of years ago. The gang were supposed to be rattling Westward on the Santa Fe Chief. The gags were screaming; it was one of Jack's funniest shows. A negro porter gave him the business all through it. The porter was Eddie Anderson.

He almost wasn't. Because the colored boy who shined Jack's shoes on the Paramount lot, Oscar the bootblack, was Jack's choice in his Hollywood wire. But Oscar, picture wise, had an agent. The agent demanded $300 for Oscar. Now, Jack's not quite as stingy as he makes out on his program, but that was too steep. Oscar kept on shining shoes and Eddie Anderson was plenty glad to take the break. The show was on Easter Sunday, 1937. When it was over Rochester Van Jones hadn't exactly risen, but he was certainly on the ascent.

He wasn't "Rochester" on that show,—just an unnamed porter. But Eddie Anderson got laughs. And like all people who get laughs the first time in radio, he came back. Once as an elevator boy; once as "Pierre," the western waiter in Jack's "Buck Benny" series. Then Jack decided to build a house in Beverly Hills. If you know the Benny show, you know right away that every halfway important act in Jack Benny's personal life is gagged to the limit for the air. The house was too good for Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin to pass up. "What would certainly make you look funny as a householder," mused Bill, "is a butler."

"I resent that," huffed Jack. "Who'll we get?"

Well, to tidy up a story, Eddie Anderson got himself that job too. Rochester, the eye-rolling eight-ball, not only clicked from the start—he rattled right out loud.

Eddie has shivered through a lot of lean and cold years for this his day in the sun. He peddled firewood on the side streets of San Francisco as a pickaninny. He hoofed for pennies later on as a kid and worked his way through grammar school, until he finally busted in and out of corny negro revues that folded as regularly as Chamberlain's umbrella. He was sick and hungry and footsore a million times before he hit Hollywood.

Even his first few picture parts, such as Lowell Sherman's valet in "What Price Hollywood" and *Noah* in "The Green Pastures," before he hooked up with Jack Benny, hadn't lifted Eddie out of the red. It was strictly from hunger with Eddie Anderson until he met up with Rochester Van Jones. Then suddenly it was plush. Eddie sort of figured he had a spree coming.

SO the first thing Rochester Van Jones did was open a night club. Eddie Anderson thought he knew the night club business inside and out. When he first hit Hollywood he had snagged a semi-steady meal ticket for a year or so in Frank Sebastian's Cotton Club, heaven for Hollywood's colored entertainers. Eddie joined the Sons of Syncopation and did riffs and scats and jives and things before they ever caught on to become famous. Peckin' started at the Cotton Club, and if you believe Eddie Anderson, truckin' did too.

Anyway, when he caught on with Jack, Eddie put a little cash with a lot of credit and became mine genial host of Central Avenue in a big way. He bought himself a high, shiny silk hat, white tie and tails. He put them on and hustled over to the broadcast. The Benny gang almost swooned when they saw Rochester buttling so magnificently in soup and fish. But when the show was over, they all took a run down for a quick look. It was a good thing they did. The club didn't last long. Eddie Anderson had a hot high-brown spot, but his hospitality obscured his business judgment. His darktown friends put their drinks on the cuff—Eddie's cuff. Pretty soon the cash register tinkled with a hollow sound. The club folded and Eddie was broke. But he still had (1) his job with Jack Benny and (2) his high hat and tails. He kept the job—but he changed the ensemble.

Every turn in Eddie's private projects, social or sporting, has involved a little private fashion premiere at the Jello broadcast. When Eddie shows up with a new outfit, the Benny gang know some new blossom of Eddie's personality is bursting the bud. Eddie believes clothes make the man. He hired himself a colored valet the day his option was taken up, to lay out his sunburst creations, checks, zig-zags and stripes which comprise the wardrobe of the sartorially perfect Central Avenue *boulevardier*. When it comes to the well-turned-out man, Eddie refuses to miss a trick, and he is really stepping high.

NOR does anything substantial loom in the offing to slow him down. Not even marriage. A few months ago Eddie decided that a man of his position, having reached the mature age of thirty-five, should take unto himself a wife. His choice was Mamie Wiggins, a comely, dusky worker in the County Clerk's office. Their wedding was a big event. The Benny show troupe were on hand, of course.

"Madame Queen"—that's what Eddie calls his new wife, has no intention of cramping Eddie's splendiferous style as a public figure. In fact, right after their wedding, she accompanied Eddie as he achieved the greatest triumphs of his career—in Waukegan, Illinois, where Jack Benny took him for the world premiere of "Man About Town".

In Waukegan, "Mr. and Mrs. Rochester" stayed at the best hotel, were feted at the country club, and mobbed for autographs as enthusiastically as any movie star could wish. State and town potentates called on Eddie and bestowed honors. In no time at all Eddie had a flock of official badges—city collector, deputy sheriff, special investigator, mayor's assistant and four or five more. He pinned them all on his suspenders and strutted into Jack Benny's hotel room. Jack exploded.

"Say," he yelped, "whose home town is this anyway? Mine or Rochester's?"

Right now Eddie Anderson is trying to work a little black magic and cut down his outgo to squeeze under his income—the while maintaining his scorching pace as Rochester Van Jones, man about Hollywood. The reason is that Eddie and the missus crave to be solid citizens and build themselves a big house. They want one like the place Phil Harris has out in the Valley.

Eddie's chances of getting that big house, too, aren't a bit bad. Because, while he still keeps up his private spend-for-prosperity campaign, his checks are ballooning every week. He just finished a fat part as *Uncle Peter* in "Gone With the Wind", and Bill Morrow was writing more Rochester than ever into Jack Benny's next picture, "Buck Benny Rides Again."

The other day Jack looked over the advance script. After a few pages, he rolled his cigar thoughtfully and said, "I've got a suggestion."

"What is it?" asked Bill Morrow.

"Let's change the title," said Jack. "Let's make it 'Rochester Rides again'. Who's this guy Benny, anyway?"

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

By DAN SENSENEY

YOU don't hear so much about it on the air any more, but the battle of wits between Jack Benny and Fred Allen is still going strong. Fred's latest contribution to it was his remark that he hadn't laughed at Jack since the time Benny got stuck in a street grating. "Naturally," Fred drawled, "the grating thought Benny was a heel."

* * *

Wynn Murray, the new singing star on the Allen program, is only eighteen but even at that she's more of a radio veteran than her boss. She started her air career in 1931, one year before Allen did. Her parents were so pleased when she succeeded in getting on the NBC Children's Hour at the age of eleven that they immediately enrolled her in the Scranton Conservatory of Music. They wanted her to be an opera singer—and certainly never expected her to provide musical relief for a reformed juggler!

* * *

While we're on the subject of that whimsical jester of Town Hall, here's a further bulletin on the efforts of Portland, his wife, to move him into a real home instead of living in a hotel room. Fred's so used to existing in a trunk he can't get very pleased or excited over his first apartment, but Portland had the time of her life shopping for furniture. She dragged Fred along on one expedition on the plea that she wanted him to test an armchair for comfort. He sat down in the chair, Portland wandered away to look at some bookcases, and when she returned a few minutes later he was fast asleep. She bought the chair, but Fred still grumbled. "Why can't we move in here?" he wanted to know. "More variety around this store than we'll ever get at home."

* * *

With Arturo Toscanini back in America, conducting his Saturday-night broadcasts over NBC again, stories and legends about the little gray maestro are cropping up again. One of the best (though I wouldn't vouch for its truth) is that one afternoon at rehearsal Toscanini got so angry at one of his musicians that he threw his $500 platinum watch on the ground and smashed it to pieces. The next day an NBC executive sent him a box of dollar Ingersolls with a note: "These are for rehearsal time."

Half a dozen guards are always posted outside NBC's big studio 8-H on the afternoons Toscanini rehearses, because nothing irritates him as much as the intrusion of an outsider. But, despite precautions, he did have a visitor one day. Just before the rehearsal started, one of NBC's engineers was in the studio repairing a Hammond electric organ. He had to crawl into the loudspeaker cabinet, a big box with about enough space inside it for one man, and while he was still in there the rehearsal commenced. The engineer was afraid to come out, because cleverer tricks than getting into a loudspeaker have been used by folks anxious to hear a Toscanini rehearsal, so he closed the panel door and stayed there. More than an hour later he emerged, dripping with perspiration and almost suffocated—but safe from the maestro's wrath.

* * *

Ben Grauer has one of radio's hardest jobs announcing the NBC Pot o' Gold show, which stars Horace Heidt and his band. This is the program, you know, which gives away $1000 every week to some lucky telephone subscriber, and it's Ben's duty to call the winners long distance and tell them of their good fortune. A pleasant task? Yes, but Ben never can understand what the fellow on the other end of the line is saying, what with his understandable excitement at winning so much money, and the band playing in the background. . . . Incidentally, if you've wondered why they don't fix it so you can hear all of the telephone conversations instead of only Ben's half, it's against the law, which forbids telephone wire-tapping.

* * *

Do you know where there's one of those huge clocks jewelers often put outside their stores to advertise themselves? It can be with or without a lamp post, but it must tell time or you can't dispose of it to Raymond Scott, the swing musician and composer. Raymond wants one badly, and even went so far as to run an ad in the New York *Times* asking for it. He wants to set it up in his office at CBS because he and the members of his quintet are always sitting around there and talking and having so much fun they forget the time and are late to appointments—which is very bad for business. He hopes a big clock—one so big they couldn't forget it for a minute, and with a brassy clang to strike the hours—would remedy the situation.

* * *

Hobbies can be overdone. Even Dave Elman, the Hobby Lobby man himself, admits it. In his office stands a big bookcase, made by a hobbyist, which was the cause of sending its maker to a hospital. It's constructed of millions of tiny pieces of wood, glued together in an intricate mosaic design, and by the time he'd finished it the man's lungs were so full of sawdust he had to go to a hospital. He's all right now, but he's changed his hobby. It's photography now.

Irene Dunne looked like a million at her broadcast with David Niven for Cecil DeMille—but she had to borrow 35 cents to pay for parking her car.



TO COAST

Vicki Vola, who plays the title role in the CBS serial, Brenda Curtis, wishes someone would tell her what happens to you when you put a piece of wedding cake under your pillow at night. Her sister, who was just married in Denver, sent her a slice of her wedding cake, and Vicki ate half of it (it was a *very* large piece), putting the other half under her pillow. She knew you were supposed to do that, even though she didn't know what was supposed to happen if you did. She asked me, but I wasn't sure of my ground either, so I wouldn't say.

* * *

Annette Hastings, songstress with the Norman Cloutier orchestra and one of NBC's staff soloists, is also the NBC war baby. Ever since the European crisis began, the network has been making last-minute decisions either to stay on the air all night or to open up before dawn in the morning. More often than not, when this happened, it was Annette's telephone that rang, and Annette who had to climb out of bed and trudge through dark streets to sing between news bulletins or European broadcasts.

* * *

If Richard Himber gets that new commercial show for a cereal manufacturer, it will be a miracle. In the past, Dick has been sponsored by cigarettes (he doesn't smoke), by automobiles (he can't drive), and by beer (never touches it). But he *does* eat those crunchy cracklers, and that's the reason he's afraid he'll never get the show.



Because of Martha Dulin, Women's World, on WBT, is one of Carolina's most popular shows.



Cowgirl singer Helen Diller's the sweetheart of WLW—and has two programs every Saturday.

Note for young singers in search of a job: One day Meredith Willson, musical director of NBC's Good News of 1940 program, found a wrinkled slip of paper in his pocket, on it a scribbled name and telephone number. He didn't know the name or how the paper got there. But he didn't have anything to do just then, so he said to producer Don Cope: "Let's call him up and audition him." They did, and the result is Good News' singing star, Frank Travis.

* * *

Jack Berch's morning program on NBC is a snare and a delusion to his Doberman Pinscher dog, who has the fancy name of Count Franz von Hohenlohe. Jack always opens his show by whistling, at which Count Franz comes tearing wildly into the Berch sitting room, where the radio is blaring away. Once he ran straight into the radio itself, looking for Jack, and bumped his head. The same whistle has caused trouble in the home of a Berch fan who has four cocker spaniels. Every time they hear it, they start running around and barking hysterically, thinking it's the maid whistling to them to come and take their morning walk.

* * *

Dinah Shore and Nan Wynn were working up a good healthy hate for each other, until they met. Both are young radio singers, and both kept hearing from friends how much they sounded like each other on the air. Finally they met and decided to put the rumors to a test by singing a duet into the microphone. Believe it or not, the duet sounded like one girl singing a solo, so similar are their voices. Now they're good friends, but they carefully avoid listening to each other's broadcasts for fear they'll unconsciously imitate each other more than they do naturally.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Look behind WBT's popular Women's World program and you'll find one of Charlotte's most charming and delightful young ladies—Miss Martha Dulin. Every morning except Sunday, at nine o'clock, Martha goes on the air to tell WBT listeners about the incidents, the personalities, the places, and the situations that make news for women. For the past three years she has breathed inspiration and infectious enthusiasm into the mike as her station's feminine commentator.

Martha has made Women's World one of the most talked-of programs in Carolina, for her histrionic flair enables her to dramatize her scripts and vivify her reports. In addition, she appears in various dramatic programs, presides as WBT hostess, and once served as the station's director of publicity.

She was born in the Texas Panhandle, at Lubbock, the second of a family of seven children. Twenty-one years ago the family moved to Charlotte, and Martha went to school there, graduating from Queens-Chicora college and later going to New York to study dramatics.

She's kept up her dramatic work, too, by appearing in Charlotte Little Theater plays, and so well do the

(*Continued on page* 63)

Where Was I Wrong?

(*Continued from page 40*)

for me. She read my thoughts, and added, "I know how you feel. Things like that hurt 'way down inside. But time—and love—make you see things differently."

And Blair Walliser said much the same sort of thing to me in an entirely different way. I wanted Helen Trent to be good. It was my first big dramatic part, and it was on the air coast to coast, on CBS. So, after each broadcast, I'd go into the control room where Blair sat and ask, "Did I do that all right, Mr. Walliser? Wouldn't it have been better if I'd read that scene thus and so?"

He stood it for a while, but at last he said:

"Miss Clark, there's probably nothing quite so dead as a performance that's finished. Post Mortems do little good, so let's forget about today's show and think of tomorrow's."

WHAT he meant, of course, was that he'd do anything to make a coming performance perfect, but it was a waste of time to keep bringing up what was past and done. For me, his words had a double meaning, though I didn't see that meaning very clearly at the time.

Modern, busy, successful as I was, I was nevertheless living in the past. I was letting old bitternesses and old fears rob me of the happiness that lay all the time within my grasp. If I had been able to interpret Blair's words correctly, they would have said to me, "Think of the tomorrows. Let the dead yesterdays bury themselves."

But I was working terribly hard and had little time for introspection. I still saw Bud, but often I was forced to refuse his invitations in favor of work. And one night, when I told him that I was busy, he didn't understand.

"You mean you don't want to go out with me?"

"Of course not, Bud. You know I'd love to, but I'm swamped with work. Don't you see, Bud?"

But he didn't see. It was the third time within a month that he'd called me in vain. And if that was the way I wanted it, all right. He hung up. After that, he didn't call any more.

At last, I came to my senses. Not hearing that grand, familiar voice on the telephone, not resting in the quiet companionship of his presence—the lack of these good things taught me how much Bud meant to me. I knew now what Marie Nelson had meant when she said that when the right man came along I'd understand how wrong I'd been.

I missed the smile that was always in his bluish-green eyes. I missed him so much that I used to cry myself to sleep nights thinking of him.

But still there was enough of the old Virginia Clark left in me to prevent my calling him up. I would not beckon him back. I would not let him know how much I needed him.

That summer, Helen Trent went off the air and I gave up all of my other work. I wanted to get away from familiar scenes and people. They all reminded me of Bud. And so I went to Europe—to France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, England. It was no good. He followed me wherever I went, or the thought of him did. A full month before I had planned to return, I was on the ship, headed for home. I would call him, I would confess how wrong I had been, I would even steel myself to bear the embarrassment if in the year since we had last seen each other, he had found another girl, became engaged or—or married.

As if the gods had listened to my heart, they saved me. On the first night I was home, before anyone knew I was there, the telephone rang, and it was Bud. Bud, talking almost as if he had spoken to me only the day before.

"Hello, Virginia. How are you? . . . It's good to hear your voice again. I've missed you." That was a large admission for Bud to make.

"It's good to hear you too, Bud. I'm awfully glad to be back."

"Have you been away?"

He hadn't even known.

Suppose I hadn't decided to return a month earlier than I'd planned. Suppose he'd called that night, and found that I was away, in Europe, without so much as a word to him?

I think, if that had happened, I'd have learned my lesson too late.

There was a difference in both of us when he came to get me and take me out that evening. A new tenderness. A quiet, delicious happiness, just from being together. I have no idea what we did. Maybe we went to a show, maybe we danced, maybe we drove—I don't remember. The glow of being with him was so strong, so dazzling, that smaller impressions couldn't find their way through it.

But still there was no word of marriage.

Before leaving for Europe, I had taken a screen test for a motion picture company, but nothing had happened and I'd forgotten about it. A few days after my return, I got a special delivery letter asking me to come to Hollywood for a picture. They'd enclosed a contract.

A year before I'd have been wild with ecstasy. Now the prospect left me strangely cold.

I TELEPHONED Bud, and told him about it.

"Well, of course you can't take it," he said emphatically. "I won't have my wife working so far away."

So I bundled the contract back into another envelope and returned it, unsigned. I remember I was humming happily, tunelessly, as I sealed it and trotted out to the nearest mail box.

I still do Helen Trent, ever since Bud and I have been married, but neither of us think of my playing Helen as being work. I live the part. I only wish for *her*, the happiness *I* have found.

The End.

Fate's Bad Boy

(*Continued from page 30*)

that the flaming idea had come. The idea that was to set them on the road to fame.

Today, Orson Welles at 24 can look back upon that evening in the spring of 1936, and know it was the evening that changed his life. For since that night Orson Welles has been consistently—indeed, almost violently—on the highroad to success.

Few people—perhaps only those devotees of the W. P. A. theater in its heyday—may remember Orson's production of "Macbeth." Those who saw it will never forget its color and passion.

Orson might have rested a long time on the laurels he received for "Macbeth." But even while the reviews were chanting his praises, he was dreaming of other plays. And after "Macbeth" came the extravagant "Horse Eats Hat," a wild farce of the 1880's. And the somber "Dr. Faustus" by the Elizabethan playright, Christopher Marlowe. And Marc Blitzstein's amazing "The Cradle Will Rock." And—finally—Orson's own theater, which he named the Mercury.

He had it at last! The Theater of his dreams. A shabby old theater on a crowded street off Sixth Avenue. But his very own. A theater where he could do what he liked.

The Mercury's first production was of course—Shakespeare. "Julius Caesar" this time. The old play of his boyhood days. Only this time with a modern Fascist interpretation.

"Julius Caesar" was an immediate hit. Broadway raved. Indeed—from "Macbeth" on, it seemed that every play Orson touched turned to gold. Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Shaw's "Heartbreak House." He lived in a fever of work and happiness.

He and Virginia rented a house in a place called Sneeden's Landing. An old fashioned frame house overlooking the quiet Hudson river. They bought a car—an ancient limousine with a speaking-tube and an easy-going Negro chauffeur.

Just a week before the opening of "Heartbreak House" a little more than a year ago, Virginia and Orson's baby was born. Long before its arrival, they had named it Christopher—after Orson's favorite playright, Christopher Marlowe. It was a blonde adorable little girl—but they named it Christopher just the same.

Orson was 23 years old then—Virginia 21. Two kids really. Two kids who'd carved out a life for themselves against disappointment, hardship, poverty—all alone. They had everything now, Virginia would say of a morning, as they sat with Christopher in the front garden, watching the spring sunlight dapple the river. A home of their own. The baby. Fame. Virginia's family had taken them both back proudly, long since. There was more to come.

Radio. Moving pictures.

He conquered radio first. For years Orson had hung around the studios in various capacities. Script-writing. Mob scenes. Bit parts and juicier roles. Even a stint as "The Shadow."

But none had given him the kind of chance he wanted—the chance CBS gave him finally in July, 1938, when the Mercury Theater on the Air started a weekly full hour series of fine plays over the Columbia network —with Orson in complete charge.

It did not take a "Man from Mars" episode to put Orson in the front rank of radio stars. Long before that hectic night in October when America got the wholesale jitters over his "War of the Worlds" broadcast, he had won an enormous following for the originality and beauty of those weekly radio plays.

"War of the Worlds" was not the high point, but the freak in Orson's life. It was the last bad card dealt out to him by destiny. The excited publicity, the angry editorials, fell upon him from all sides—and if he had been a lesser man, they might have ruined his career forever. But Orson Welles is not a lesser man. He is an artist, and he was big enough to pull himself out of the mess—and stick to his guns.

Look at Orson Welles now—a young man of 24 with a radio show under one arm, and a moving picture under the other. "Heart of Darkness," the new film which he is writing, producing and acting in, is now in preparation in Hollywood. Just now Orson is in Hollywood most of the week. But every Friday night he steps into a plane and flies to New York, arriving on Saturday morning for the first Campbell Playhouse rehearsal. And after Campbell's rebroadcast to the West on Sunday at midnight, he takes another plane back to Hollywood and his film.

UNTIL last August, Orson had never been to Hollywood. He didn't know a thing about the moving picture business when he went out there. But ever since his arrival, he's been learning fast. He works 10 hours a day, at home mostly, in a rented house that once belonged to Mary Pickford—dictating constantly to two secretaries —taking time out only to play with Christopher.

Orson finished the script for "Heart of Darkness" in less than two months. He dictated it, floating on a rubber mattress in the swimming pool which is his pride and joy—gazing up at the cloudless Hollywood sky for inspiration. Before writing the finished scenario, he had filled seven volumes full of background material—whole novels about each character in the play, essays on the use of music, the kind of cloud-effects to be used, the sound-effects, the photography.

At night, during his first few months in Hollywood, he spent every available hour sitting in the dark projection rooms of RKO, watching old pictures—learning about technique from directors, actors, cameramen. In two short months he soaked up Hollywood's knowledge like a sponge.

This is Orson Welles at 24. At 24 most young men are scarcely out of college, scarcely out of the stage of worry and vague hopes. At 24 Orson like the proverbial cat has lived eight lives—and dedicated his ninth life to art. For in the world of art, there is no such thing as destiny or gambling —only the dreaming of great dreams and their fulfillment—only the vision, and the energy to carry it through.

Listen to Orson Welles on the Campbell Playhouse Sunday nights at 8, E. S. T., over CBS.

"But mother... nobody's insulting you!"



John W____shows his mother the new way to raise a baby.



1. SON: Take it easy, mother . . . I only said Sally had a right to raise the baby her *own* way.
MOTHER: Oh well, if my own son thinks I'm wrong—



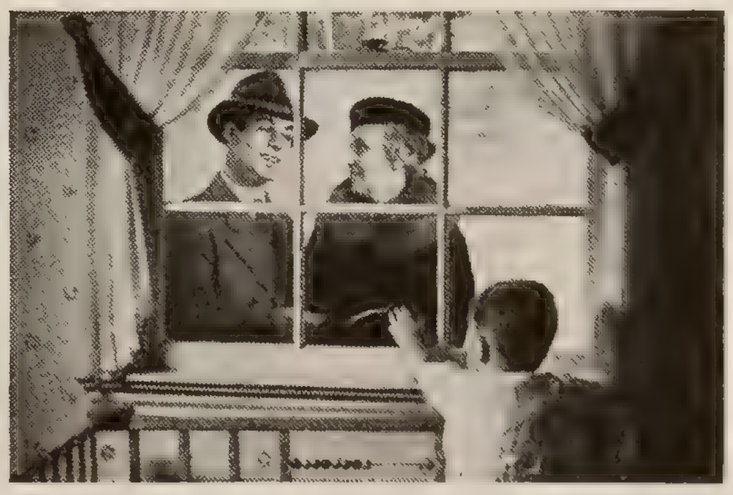
2. SON: Mother, *please!*
MOTHER: All right, I won't say another word. If you two won't listen to me with all *my* experience, *well*—



3. SON: But mother, we've been over all that a million times. The doctor told Sally and me how to raise the baby. And we're going to listen to *him*.
MOTHER: What did *he* say that I don't know?



4. SON: He said that babies today should get *special* care. Their vegetables should be *specially* prepared . . . their milk formulas *specially* worked out, even their laxative should be made *specially* for them!
MOTHER: Special laxative? Just name me one!



5. SON: Certainly! It's called FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. And it's designed ONLY for children. It's mild . . . as a child's laxative should be. Yet it works thoroughly. And it's SAFE. You'll *never* find a harsh drug in Fletcher's Castoria.

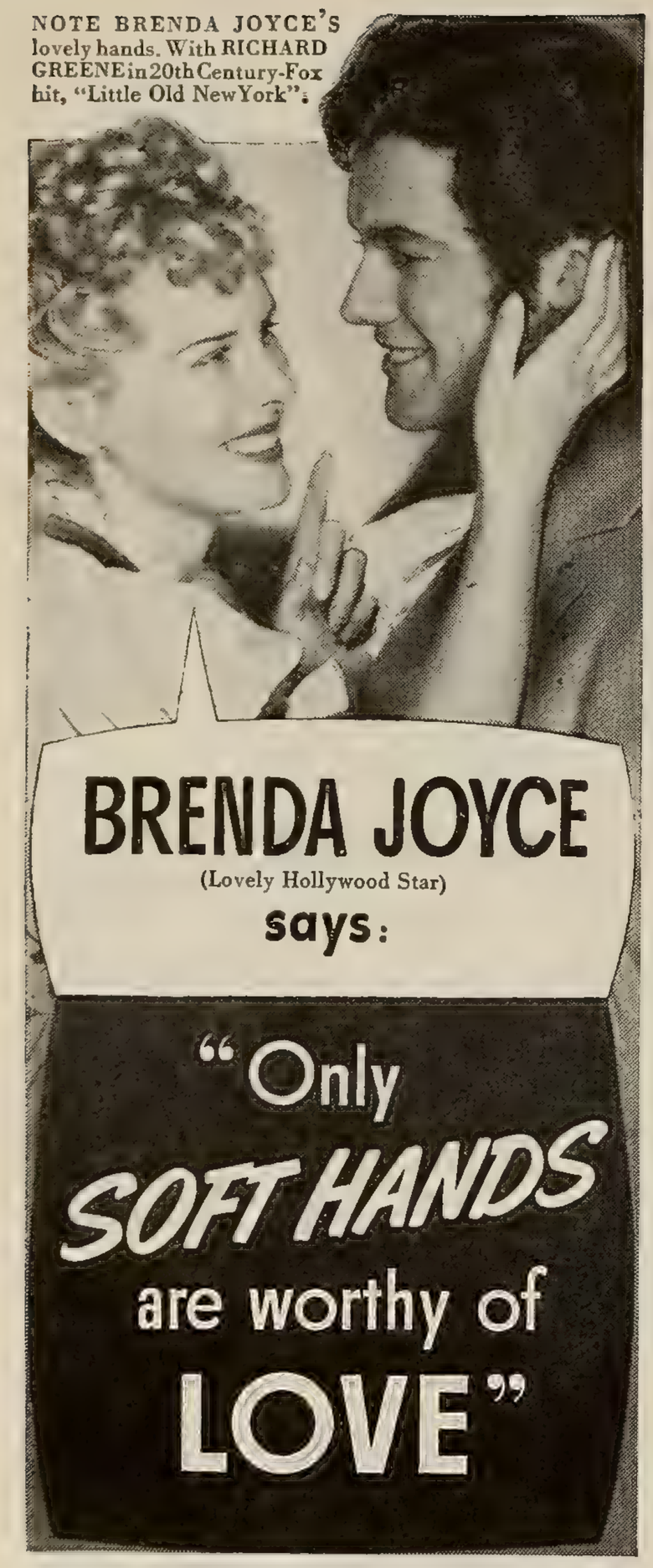


6. MOTHER: Wel-l-l . . . it does sound sensible. But how does he like the taste?
SON: He loves it! I never knew a baby could take a medicine and think it fun at the same time!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

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(Lovely Hollywood Star)
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Hilltop House

(*Continued from page* 34)

do nothing of the sort! If an operation is necessary—and I doubt it—it can be performed by a specialist."

Silently Robbie waited, still paying no attention to Cortland.

"Robbie—" she faltered, "you're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," he said harshly. "Do you think I'd want to operate if I weren't?"

"This boy is my son," Cortland snapped. "You can't operate without my permission."

Robbie's eyes looked their question at Bess.

"Yes," she said. "Tim's his son." She saw Robbie's hands clench, but the gesture conveyed no meaning to her. Automatically she added: "Tim's mother was my sister."

Suddenly Robbie threw back his head and began to laugh. It was laughter of sheer relief—joyous, free. "Why, then," he said to their amazement, "then you're his aunt!"

OF course," Bess replied. Laughter? Why did he laugh? . . . And then, dimly, she sensed rather than knew what Robbie must have thought, and a stinging flush crept into her cheeks—the more painful because she knew she could never speak of this to him. It was one of the things that must be forever hidden between them.

Robbie took her arm. "Would you like to see Tim a minute? . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Cortland," he added almost cordially, "but he's a pretty sick boy, and as you're practically a stranger to him, I think it would be better if you didn't come in."

"If you operate on that boy before I get another opinion," Cortland said in a low voice, "I'll have you arrested." He turned abruptly and walked away.

Inside the room, standing over the little bed where Tim lay, Bess held fast to Robbie's arm with one hand while with the other she smoothed the tumbled hair away from Tim's forehead. The little face, drawn with pain, smiled up at her.

"Miss Bess—I was hoping you'd come. Miss Bess, they won't make me stay here very long, will they? I don't like it, and my head aches so."

"No, Timmy—you won't have to stay long. And you'll feel better soon if you'll only try to sleep."

"Yes, but you stay here. . . ."

"I'll stay."

His eyes closed; in a moment his deep breathing showed that he slept. Bess looked up at Robbie. "Oh Robbie, suppose something should go wrong. Are you so sure an operation is really needed?" She saw that she had hurt him, and hurried on. "No, I didn't mean that—I believe you know what's best—but I'm afraid of Steve. If you operated and weren't successful, he'd ruin you. I know Steve."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"But—couldn't you wait just a day—until he sent for the doctor he wants? So the other doctor can confirm your opinion?"

Robbie considered that. "Why, yes," he said at last. "I suppose we could wait that long."

But when the next day came, bringing with it the doctor Cortland had summoned from Chicago, they were no nearer a decision.

After seeing Tim, he advised delay.

Robbie, in a white-hot fury, brought the news to Bess at Hilltop. "It's utter nonsense to wait!" he raged, pacing up and down in her office. "I shouldn't have waited even this long—and now that fool of a society-doctor, anxious for fatter fees I suppose, mumbles about being careful! I tell you, Bess—" he stopped short and faced her—"I won't be responsible for Tim's life if there is any more delay."

Around her Bess felt the force of conflicting desires, hatreds, jealousies. For a moment she thought—Ah, but Robbie is unstable, impulsive, reckless. But, she added, he is brilliant, too. He has more to lose than I.

"I want you to operate," she said in a tense voice. "Today. Now."

With the words, she freed him of all his agitation, all his nervousness. It was a calm, strong Robbie who took both her hands in his, pressed them to his lips. "Thanks, Bess," he murmured. "Thanks for believing in me. It's more than I—"

But he left that sentence unfinished.

That afternoon, as she sat in the hospital waiting room, not reading, trying not even to think, someone thrust a folded paper into her hand. For a moment she scarcely realized it was there, for there was space for only one thing in her life just then: the consciousness that Tim was in the operating room, under Robbie's hands. But at last she looked down at it, unfolded it, read it.

AT first she couldn't understand the ponderous legal phrases. Only slowly she comprehended that Steve Cortland had started suit for the custody of Tim, and that the hearing was set for two days away. Two days . . . why, by that time there might not be any Tim.

The next forty-eight hours were the most agonizing of Bess Johnson's life. During them, Tim's life balanced on a slender knife-blade—for Robbie had been right; there had been too much delay, and Tim had become so weak that the operation struck close to the very pulse of his life.

While she waited, there were other things to which she should have given her thoughts. They crowded the background of her existence, these disasters that once would have seemed so terrible. The news of Cortland's suit had brought Thelma Gidley and Frank Klabber and their friends down about her like carrion-crows. It was little enough she knew of what they were saying, filtered as the reports were through Paul Hutchinson's sympathetic censoring. He did tell her, though, that there was a movement on foot to prosecute her for allowing Hilltop to support her nephew, and that Klabber was whispering that her sister had never existed—that Tim was her own son.

"Of course, I don't believe it," he added hastily, "and naturally neither does anyone that really knows you."

She managed to smile her gratitude. "Somehow," she said, "I can't care so very much whether or not anyone believes it—not until Tim . . ."

"No, of course not," he nodded. "But—Well, I hate to worry you with these things, but you must know, to be prepared."

She turned to him in sudden panic. "Paul—isn't there any way we can

postpone that hearing? I can't face it —lawyers wrangling over Tim while he's so ill."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not. It's our bad luck that after this court session Judge DeWitt won't be back for another two weeks. It gives Cortland's lawyer a chance to argue against a postponement. Of course, your lawyer can ask for one. But he won't get it."

Nor did he. Bess, sitting near the railing on the day of the hearing, listened while the judge curtly overruled her attorney's motion for what he called a "continuance." And then Cortland's lawyer was on his feet, talking . . . talking. . . .

She couldn't listen, couldn't fix her mind on what he was saying. In all but body, she was in the hospital, waiting in the anteroom where she had spent so many tortured hours in the last three days. Waiting for news from Tim's room, for a sight of Robbie's anxious, thin face. For today, Robbie had said, might tell the story of whether Tim was to live or . . .

SHE even tried to think of the one pleasant thing that had happened —a letter from her younger sister, Linda, which had arrived that very morning. Linda was tired, she wrote, needed a rest, and wondered if she could come to Glendale and visit Bess for a while. Of course Bess had wired a quick assent, but the prospect of seeing Linda, which at any other time would have filled her with anticipation, now seemed strangely unimportant.

Steve Cortland was on the stand now, talking, answering questions, making the good impression that only he knew how to create. Slowly, from his words, there emerged a distorted picture of herself—that of a hysterical, neurotic woman, hiding the fact of his son's existence from him, stealing away with the child to out-of-the-way Glendale. Bess clenched her hands, inwardly praying for strength to answer his lies as calmly as he spoke them.

Then Cortland had finished, and attorneys were whispering to each other while the close-packed courtroom sighed like one vast person. There was a stir at a side door into the room, and Bess saw Jerry Adair, one of the orphans whom she had left at the hospital with instructions to come for her if necessary. He caught her eye, beckoned to her with a folded slip of paper he held in his hand.

Forgetting everything but Tim's need of her, she rose and started toward him, just as someone called her name. Her attorney seized her arm.

"Miss Johnson! They're calling you. It's time for you to take the stand."

"I can't," she whispered desperately. "I'm needed at the hospital—can't you see? They want me!"

"But you can't run away now. They'll award him the boy by default."

They were holding her, trying to stop her. An excited buzz rose in the courtroom, only partially quelled by the sharp rap of the judge's gavel; and the judge himself spoke.

"Will the defendant please take the stand so this hearing can proceed?"

With one final effort, Bess shook off the restraining hands, turned to the judge. Perhaps, if she could only make him understand.

"Your Honor—please—don't you see I can't stay? Tim needs me—how can I sit here and talk—argue about who's

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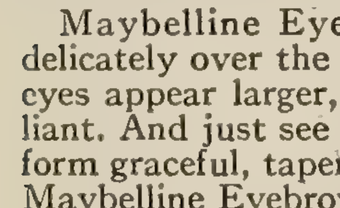


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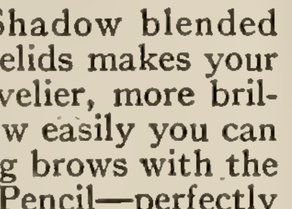
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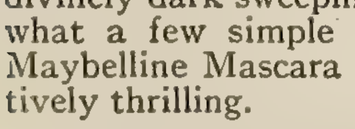
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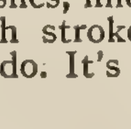
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.



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EYE BEAUTY AIDS

to have him?" She caught sight of Cortland, of his contemptuous eyes, and the last shred of self-control fell from her. "It's criminal!" she cried. "If he loves the child so much, would he be sitting here calmly while Tim —while Tim may be dying?"

This time they were all too shocked to stop her as she ran from the room.

She met Robbie outside the door of Tim's room. "Thank God you could get here," he whispered. "I think he's going to be all right."

Then she was in the room, kneeling by the bed, murmuring soft, tender words to the little boy whose father, because she wouldn't let him love her, had done everything he could to show his hatred.

But it was the last time she was allowed to go into Tim's room, for her outburst in court had brought the custody suit to a quick conclusion with a judgment in favor of Steve Cortland—and Steve, in his triumph, left strict orders at the hospital that Bess was not to be admitted to see his son.

ONCE she knew the worst—that Tim was no longer hers—the pain of it seemed less sharp. She had lost the most beloved of her children, but there were the others.

Linda came to Hilltop, too, and her presence was good and comforting.

A week passed, and then Robbie came into her office late one afternoon. Bess greeted him with a smile.

"Come in, Robbie. I haven't seen much of you the last few days."

"I know," he answered, sitting down and twisting his hands together in a characteristic gesture. "I've — I've been thinking about—things."

"What sort of things, Robbie?"

"I've been thinking about us," he said directly. "You and me. Darling—" he was beside her now, kneeling—"won't you marry me? Hasn't all this shown you how wrong you are to give your whole life up to Hilltop? And I love you. I know," he added humbly, "I know you don't love me, so very much—"

"But I do, Robbie," she interrupted gently. "I do love you. Only—" She paused, hating to hurt him and yet knowing she must. "Only I don't love you so much that I can blind myself to the knowledge of how wrong we'd be for each other. We wouldn't be happy together, Robbie dear. You'd want me to give up Hilltop, and of course I wouldn't want to."

"You may have to give up Hilltop anyway, though," he reminded her.

"Yes, perhaps," she admitted. "But that hasn't happened yet, and maybe it won't. It's something I won't anticipate, anyway. As long as I can, I must stay here. It's my job and—oh, Robbie, I do love it!"

He stood up. "You love it—more than you love me."

How much better to hurt him and let him go away, not understanding the conflict in her heart, than to try to explain something she herself felt only as an intuition!

"That may be it, Robbie," she said.

In the silence that followed there was a knock on the door, and Linda came in.

"Oh," Bess said. "Linda, this is Dr. Clark. I don't think you've met."

Linda was so vital, so fresh and feminine, that as he spoke to her Robbie's face brightened up in spite of himself. Bess, watching, seeing the instant understanding between them, smiled to herself. No, Robbie's hurt would not last long.

But her own hurt—yes, that would last longer, if Klabber and Thelma Gidley were successful in ousting her from Hilltop House. She had lost Tim, she had thrown away Robbie, and now perhaps the only thing left that she loved was about to be taken from her. Without Hilltop, without the knowledge that she was building the future in every one of the children under her care, she had nothing but loneliness and futility.

"Here!" she said softly into the silence of the office. "Self-pity is deadly. You've got to fight, Bess Johnson —and even if you lose, the fight will be good."

The door opened and Steve Cortland came in.

For a moment she could only stare at him. She had never thought to see him again.

"What are you doing here?" she asked when she gained her voice.

"I came to say good bye." He moved forward into the room, and now she could see his face. He was looking at her almost beseechingly.

"Good bye? But Tim can't be well enough to leave Glendale yet?" she asked in alarm.

He shook his head: "That's the point. I'm not taking Tim. Won't you take him back here?"

"Take him back. . . ." Old habit made her wary. She couldn't trust him. "What do you mean?"

"I can't keep him," he said simply. "You've won, Bess—won over me and the courts too. I've tried, in the last week, to make the boy forget you. But he won't. He keeps asking for you. I open the door to his room, and as I come in I see his face light up, because he thinks it's you at last —and then, when he sees who it is he turns away and won't even talk to me."

NOW she believed him. Steve Cortland would never humble himself this way unless he had to.

"Oh, thanks!" she said, between laughter and tears. "Take him back! Of course I'll take him back!" Then she stopped, remembering. "Oh, but —it's too late. They wouldn't let me, now they know he's my nephew. They may not even let me stay myself."

"I think they will," he said. "I just talked to your friend Hutchinson. He said if I'd pay Hilltop House for Tim's support since you brought him here, and a regular amount every month from now on, he could fix things up with the Board of Directors. It would knock the props out, he said, from the movement to get you dismissed."

This time tears won the battle for possession of Bess. She cried, softly and persistently, from relief and happiness. For a time, he stayed there, trying to comfort her. Then he tiptoed out.

It was later that she looked about her, drying her eyes, laughing a little at herself for giving way. It was almost dark, and all through Hilltop House there was the bustle of children —sudden shrieks of laughter, the scuffle of feet, even someone crying. . . . All the beloved bedlam of Hilltop House, without which life would have been so empty.

Bess Johnson has solved one of her problems—but her adventures and those of the other Hilltop House people are continuing on CBS every day except Saturday and Sunday. And next month, in a special easy-to-read synopsis, RADIO MIRROR *brings the story of Hilltop House up to date. Watch for it!*

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

THE QUIZZ CLUB . . . with 85% of the Saturday evening Canadian radio audience, this 8:00-8:30 EST program, sponsored by Nova-Kelp, originates "live" from CFRB, Toronto, and is disked to twenty-two stations from coast-to-coast in the Dominion. Emcee and "Club Host" is genial Roy Ward Dickson. Directors are Fred Saxon-Brent and Frank Grant. Norm Child is Secretary-Treasurer, the gent who pays out the prizes on behalf of Nova-Kelp.

Quizz shows are the international rage in radio. Wiseacres thought they'd die off from their peak of last year, but instead they seem to be going on from where they left off. And in the van of good audience participation programs is The Quizz Club.

Informality is the keynote of the Quizz Club. Questions are based on a single topic each week, going over such subjects as sports, music, the animal world, history, English grammar, geography, etc. Club members, i.e., persons selected by lot from the studio audience, are quizzed; in turn, they draw questions and fire them at the Directors. Prizes, of course. The winners on six consecutive programs compete in the finals on the seventh show in a stiff general knowledge test for a big cash prize.

The program now has its own weekly paper, "The Quizz Club News", mailed to thousands of listeners. Nova-Kelp plans to invade the U. S. with this Made-in-Canada product, and I'll venture a prediction that when that time arrives some major questioners-and-answerers are going to sit up and take more than a little notice.

ROY WARD DICKSON . . . Roy was born in London, England, in 1910 . . . educated there at St. Paul's school . . . then finished his schooling in Canada at the University of Manitoba . . . proud daddy of a boy of ten and a girl of eight . . . while at varsity, worked as hired man on farm . . . specialized in agriculture and chemistry . . . chemist for large packing concern . . . high school teacher at 19 . . . promotion manager for Vancouver, B. C., newspaper . . . joined staff of Toronto Daily Star . . . from there to advertising layout in big department store . . . into radio, and here comes the original question-and-answer man . . . hobbies are chess and economics.

FRANK GRANT . . . another Londoner-born, some thirty-odd years agone . . . accomplished pianist and composer . . . was in vodvil when it flourished in the sticks of the States . . . has been in radio 14 years . . . made a notable success of the original "Uncle Bob and Happy Harry" program, 1931-32 . . . joined staff of CFRB in 1934 . . . married to Celia Huston, well known pianist . . . they pair up also as piano duo in broadcast, "Twin Keyboards" . . . likes the outdoors more than indoors, so gets out of studio to hunt and fish whenever possible.

NORM CHILD . . . born Accrington, Lancs., Eng., 1911 . . . reaches six-foot-six, even with a hole in his sock . . . intended to be a chartered accountant, but was chartered by radio and Roy Ward Dickson instead . . . is Roy's business manager . . . can add up a column of figures as high as himself, quicker than you can write them! . . . the only "single act" on the Quizz Club, but some day a little lady will be looking up to him, and how!

FRED SAXON-BRENT . . . rounds out the quartet of expatriated Englishmen . . . born in 1887 . . . printer, he went into the Canadian publishing business . . . has written a number of books, published newspapers in Ontario . . . is the Jeff to Norm Child's Mutt, coming up to Norm's belt with his five feet, one and three-eighths inches . . . very important that "three-eighths" . . . collects stamps and weeds in his garden . . .

. . . And the two glamorous young ladies who shepherd you through the intricacies of The Quizz Club, if you happen to be one of the two hundred persons who flock to CFRB every Saturday night to participate in the 8:00 to 8:30 broadcast, are the Misses Dorothy Clements and Sylvia Berrin. They're worth a visit to the show alone.

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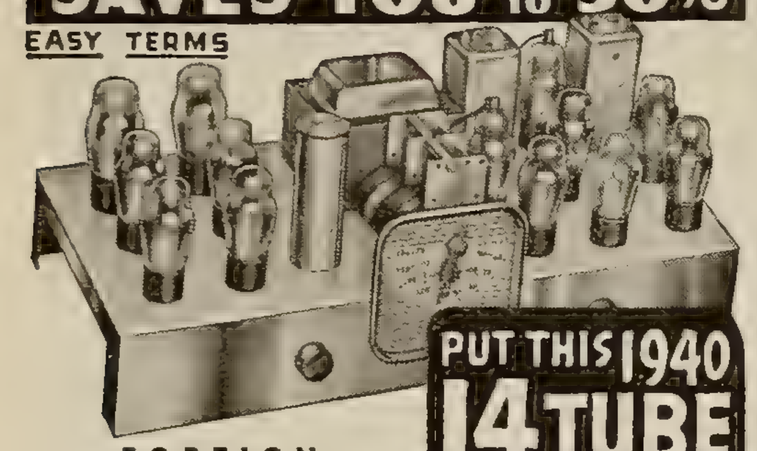
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Woman in Love

(*Continued from page 24*)

pick it up. . . . Tam, listen a minute, you—you and I are going to be friends, aren't we? You—I'm not just like all the others, am I?"

"No," she answered slowly, thinking. "You're not like the others. . . . You—you're half fooling. I'm not fooling. I never thought I'd say this to any man again, and I haven't—for eight years. But you could make me like you, if you tried!"

An odd expression came into the man's eyes. He lifted her small hand to his lips. "Maybe I will, Tam," he said, as he left.

THE weeks began to slip by and it was summer, but Tam stayed on in the city, working, and George was always with her. Then the Willey company went to Portland and Seattle and Salt Lake City in repertory, but still he had a surprising way of turning up in her dressing room now and then; he "happened to be in the neighborhood," or he "was coming to Tacoma anyway." She came to depend upon him; sometimes he held the book while she recited her lines, learning a new part, and always while they were having supper together he told her of his cases. He was working with a fine law firm now, a firm with a splendid reputation, Martell, Hunter & Martell. One day he asked her what she would think of his running for district attorney. Oscar Mullins had the job now, but his term would soon be over, and he was more or less in disrepute.

Tam considered it. She had known him for seven months, eight months. Quite simply, quite naturally he had come to be the most important person in her life.

"I think it would be splendid if you became district attorney," she said. "Would you have a chance?"

"Reilly says so, and if anyone knows, it ought to be Reilly. The political situation is peculiar right now. He thinks I could get the party nomination hands down."

"Well—" Tam smiled. "You'd like it?"

"I'd like anything that brings you a little nearer. Do you realize that on January twentieth it'll be a whole year? You said a year, you know."

He came across to the big chair in which her slim figure had almost lost itself. They were in his rooms at the Sir Francis Drake; Tam had been having tea with him. George knelt down before her and locked his arms about her waist, and Tam laid both hands on his collar.

"Will you marry me, Tam?" he said. "I was sliding downhill fast when I met you. You're the one who pulled me back up. It was because of you that I stopped drinking and gambling. I belong to you, Tam. Surely, you wouldn't have done all you've done for me to throw me down now?"

"Just—just being good friends isn't enough, George?"

"Not half enough! We want to find a little apartment somewhere on a hill, Tam, with a view, and have lamps and teacups and all the rest of it."

"But, George, suppose that after we're married things go badly again? Suppose you began to wish you were back—back in that old time, before you knew me? Then I'd have no hold over you, would I?"

"I don't think you need worry, Tam. I'm awake now, and it's more than I've been in ten years. I'm myself. Do you know what I mean when I say that I'm myself?"

"Yes, I know what you mean," she said, as he paused. "I did something once that wasn't myself—something rotten—and how frightful it felt until I came back to being myself again!"

"I don't believe," he said, "that you know what it is to do anything rotten. It simply isn't in you."

"You're extremely generous, George. This," Tam said reflectively—"this may be as good a time to tell you as any other. Sooner or later of course I'll have to tell you."

"You don't have to tell me anything, you simp."

Tam pushed him aside and went over to stand and look out of the window. "Thank you, dear, for your belief in me; it's very sweet," she said after a pause. "But . . ."

And then she told him the whole sad, sordid story, leaving nothing out—of Mayne Mallory and the Telegraph Hill crowd, of those first dazzling days in the theater with Mayne, of her home, of the evening before the fire in Mayne's hotel room and the tour that followed, of the rainy Sunday in Sacramento when she said good bye to the man she had loved, or thought she loved. And, finally, of Aunt Mary and "Little Mary," who was not Aunt Mary's niece at all, but her own daughter.

He heard her to the end without interruption. But when she had finished—

"You darling!" he said, his arms about her, and her head down on his shoulder. "You little, sweet, ashamed darling! You didn't have to tell me this!"

OH, but I did," Tam said after an interval, quite simply drying her eyes. "Because now you can see why I can't marry you, or anyone, and how I happen to know that a life can be picked up out of ruins and made full and square again."

"Do you ever see him, Tam?"

"Never. He has never even known that there was a child."

"You never wrote him!"

"Oh, yes, but only at first—only when I first knew there would be a baby. He didn't answer, and I didn't think he would."

"I'd like to meet him," George said levelly.

"Would you like to know his name, George?"

"I would not. Forget him!"

She smiled at him, but there were tears behind the smile.

"I'm horribly sorry," she said.

"Tam," George said, "if anything could make me love you more than I do—but nothing could—"

"Then," she said, not daring to believe, "then what I told you doesn't make any difference?"

"It only brings you nearer, Tam. It only makes me love you more. There's no one else in the world except you. What happened eight years ago, or two years ago, doesn't matter. What does matter is that you found me in the gutter and put out your beautiful strong hand and saved me. And what I'm going to do for you is

make you the happiest woman in all the world. We belong to each other, Tam! I need you always, to scold me and make coffee for me and tell me what a rotter I am and how good I am! We know all about each other! I've seen you tired and blue and mad and hungry and dirty, and you've loaned me money and borrowed from me—"

He was kneeling beside her chair again; her soft hand was against his eyes, and she felt his lashes wet.

"Hush, darling," she whispered.

"And you *will*, Tam?"

"Oh, if you want me—yes—of course!"

WOULD you be surprised some day if I found a man I liked and wanted to get married?" Tam asked. The older Mary, who was hulling strawberries, looked up quickly.

"When a girl asks that," Mary said, "the young man is usually picked out and waiting."

Tam laughed again. "I'm afraid so," she admitted.

They were in the old grape arbor; midsummer day lay still and fragrant over California. There was no motion in the high canopies of the green trees; a fountain splashed and was still and splashed again.

"You're sorry?" Tam asked. The other woman looked up as if for a quick denial, shrugged faintly, returned to her work.

"A little Tam," she said reluctantly.

"It seems like fate," Tam observed, thoughtfully. "There seems to be a time when a certain man comes out of the crowd—meaning nothing to you one week, meaning everything the next. He's such a man. I thought for a while that he was the one who cared. I know now that I am."

"It'll change things," the other woman said after a moment. "It'll mean Mary and I see much less of you. And . . . " Mary Hutton's honest square sunburned face flushed a little; she looked significantly at her companion, spoke in a lowered voice, "what about that, Tam?" she asked. "You'll tell him?"

"I told him everything, months ago. I told him just as soon as I knew how important he was going to be to me," Tam answered quickly.

"You were right."

"And he only said," Tam added, in a dreaming voice, "that it made me dearer to him."

Young Mary charged across the lawn like a cantering colt, all legs and arms and blowing wild hair. She stopped to kiss Tam; she smelled of tarweed and dried grass and pine gum, Tam thought, and somehow of gingham and sunburned smooth young brown flesh, too. A moment only, and then she was gone again. Tam watched her out of sight.

"A little girl and a devoted old Gran are something, Tam," Mrs. Hutton said wistfully. "Don't—don't be in too much of a hurry, my dear. She—we both love you so!"

"George was an only child," Tam said slowly. "His father would have been a very distinguished lawyer, but he died young, and George's mother brought him up. He adored her, but she married again, and he felt himself out in the cold; in fact his stepfather told him he didn't want him in the house. His mother didn't know that, and he never told her, but she knew things weren't happy for him. He was in trouble all the time at school—in fact, he's a sort of genius; you feel it as soon as you know him, and geniuses aren't ever very lucky in childhood, are they? Anyway, he wasn't. So things went on until he was seventeen, and then he ran away and took care of himself."

"Poor lad!" Mrs. Hutton said, listening absently.

"And finally," Tam went on, "he landed himself in jail."

There was a pause; the blunt brown hand, holding an unstemmed strawberry, was still. The warm late afternoon smelled of strawberries.

"And then what? He got out of jail?" Mary Hutton asked presently.

"He got out, but there was a queer circumstance about it. This is what I've been leading up to, this is what I wanted to tell you," Tam said. "His name was the same as that of another George, a colored man, as it happened, who had died in jail a week before. There had been an epidemic of some sort, the clerk in the registry office had died, there was a new warden. I imagine there had been a good deal of confusion in the records. Anyway, they wired his mother that he was dead."

"Tam, don't tell me any more of this," Mary Hutton said, pushing away the bowl of berries, rising to her feet. "I cannot—it makes me feel a little faint. It reminds me—I can't talk of it—but it reminds me—I think I will go in and lie down."

"You see, a week went by after the wrong telegram had gone before he knew," Tam said quickly, "and there had been no word from his mother. He thought—he thought she had forgotten him. So he let the mistake go. He never let her know he was not dead."

The older woman was breathing hard; she had her back turned to Tam, her two sturdy hands, gripped there for support, held tightly to the back of one of the chairs.

"No—no—no: you mustn't let me think what I am thinking!" she said in a choked voice.

"The boy's name was George Davis," Tam said. Mary Hutton stood immovable; she made no sound. Tam did not dare speak again. After a long silence the older woman said:

"This boy—you know him?"

HE'S *my* George, Aunt Mary. Your son."

Mrs. Hutton came blindly to the table, sat down, resting her elbow upon it, her face, with its closed eyes, covered by her hand. "My God!" she whispered.

"Perhaps I should have told you sooner," Tam said with concern. I've known it almost from the beginning. But I didn't tell *him* until last Christmas."

"And he—"

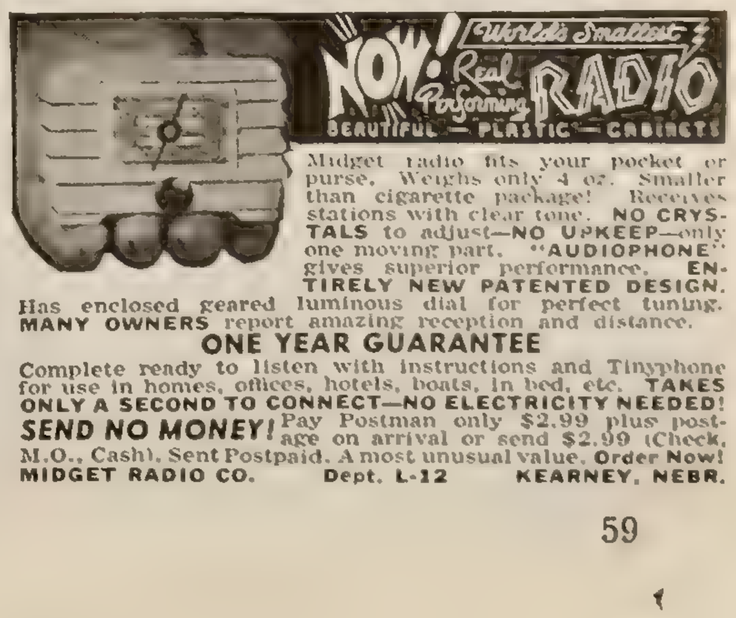
"Oh, he burst out blubbering like the great big baby he is," Tam said, tears in her own smiling eyes.

"But how did you know him?"

"By his watch—your picture pasted inside the back cover of an old gold watch, and the initials 'G. D.' And 'From his Mother, M. D.' It all flashed on me when a stagehand found his watch and showed it to me, and I looked down and saw a snapshot of you that I'd seen before, with George, when he was about twelve."

Mary Hutton whispered. "To see my boy again—my little boy, who didn't want me to marry—who was so puzzled and so hurt that I'd put another man in his father's place!







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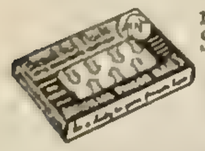
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Tam," she said, her face turned away, "those terrible years—eighteen of them!—couldn't be just a bad dream! Where is he?"

"Well, I think," Tam said, glancing toward the tree-shaded drive and the green mellow sweetness of the garden —"I think that's he walking across the lawn with Mary there. I told her to look out for him at half-past four o'clock, and I told him not to come until I stood up—as I did just two minutes ago."

Tears blinded her eyes as the other woman turned to look in the direction of the drive. She saw the man drop Mary's guiding little hand and begin to run, she saw mother and son meet, and she saw the gray head go down on his shoulder and heard the one thick cry: "Bunny! My little boy!"

Then she beckoned to the interested Mary, and they went through the green side gate together. "We'll fix some figs and raspberries for supper," Tamara said. "Gran told me once he loved raspberries."

"Does Gran like him?" Mary demanded.

"She loves him very dearly. He's her little boy that was lost."

"But why are you crying, Aunt Tam?"

"Because I'm so happy, darling. Because life is so wonderful," Tam said.

THE weeks flew on in an unreal and dreamlike beauty that made Tam feel that she was floating—flying, rather than going about familiar, well-worn duties. They were to be married, she and George, as soon as the sensational Elliot case, which he was defending, was finished. But before that day could come, so many things happened that Tam lived in a constant whirl of excitement. First, her mother was married—for the third time, and to a stout elderly man in the theatrical advertisement business. And then, according to a schedule, George's political party nominated him to run for the district attorneyship, leaving only Hatty Elliot's trial to run its course before they could be married.

George defended Hatty Elliot, accused of the murder of her child, against the prosecution of Oscar Mullins, the incumbent district attorney, who would also be his opponent in the election. Defended her, and won at last a brilliant acquittal which, everyone said, assured him a second victory over Mullins at the polls.

The day after the jury had returned its verdict of "Not guilty," Tam and George were married—at nine o'clock in the morning in the small tree-shaded church that stood at a turn in the road near Mary Hutton's farm. Only Mary Hutton and little Mary were there when Tam and George took their vows.

Fifteen minutes later George and Tamara kissed the others good bye and climbed into the waiting car. With a final wave they went down the shady road and turned into the highway. The miles began to slide by; the closely packed environs of San Francisco were gone; they struck out westward across the long bridge that spanned the upper bay.

There was a stop at the Lake Hotel to freshen and change and to enjoy with ravenous appetites the impromptu meal of eggs and corn and fresh hot rolls. Then Tam appeared once again in the camping regalia of jeans and sweater, red kerchief and brimmed hat, tin cup and bowie knife, and the late afternoon rocking-chair sitters on the hotel veranda saw the tall, lean cowboy lead up the horses, and Tam and George mount them, and the little cavalcade set off for the timberline country.

The "outfit" was composed of the laconic cowboy, Roy, and his nephew, young Roy, four horses and four pack mules. In Roy's kyacks, strapped securely with greasy, heavy belts to the mules, was the entire camp equipment.

Late in the afternoon, they stopped on a strip of forest meadow, a branch of the mighty Kings River plunging down over the rocks beside it. Immediately the horses and mules strayed away into the meadow. The bags were opened and Tam had her towels and her jersey dress over her arm, and was picking her way along the creek bank, past the pools and the rapids to that special basin Roy described as "where the last woman I had along liked to wash herself."

Coming back to camp, damp of head and scented from head to foot with the sweetness of it all, Tam found George ready for dinner and comfortable in old clothes, waiting on a great log that formed a seat by the fire. The two Roys shared their supper with them. Tamara was so tired, so sleepy, so deliciously ready for the night that she could hardly keep her seat at the smooth-topped stump that served them for a table. But quite suddenly, after supper, she felt almost rested again, and she and George went with Roy to the river bank and tried for trout before they returned for a drowsy half-hour of campfire talk, and the goodnights that said it was nine o'clock in the mountains.

IN the night she awakened to hear the horses' big teeth tearing at the grass, and the river running and rippling, and little wood animals contributing cheeps and crackles and grunts to the utter peace and beauty of the mountain night. "Twenty days of it—twenty days in heaven!" Tam thought, and fell to sleep.

But twenty days were not so very many, and almost at once, it seemed, they were emerging once more into the commonplace daily world. Again the hot little valley towns moved by the speeding car, and again in the late afternoon they reached cooler weather, this time foggy weather, for the mists were pouring in in great waves. George's mother and Mary came out of the house as the motor stopped, and there was a babel of welcome, questions and embraces. "Oh," said Tam, trailing upstairs, with Mary hopping after her, "I'm not sure but that this is the best of all! Oh, I need a bath!"

"Some letters came for you, Tam," the old Mary called from the lower hall. "They're up on your bureau. But supper'll be ready soon."

"I'll hurry," she called, and it was not until she had bathed and changed that she picked up the mail.

The top letter was only an advertisement. The handwriting on the second envelope made her throat thicken and her spine turn cold. She knew that hand!—Mayne Mallory's!

What is the news in the ominous letter that greeted Tam on her return from her honeymoon? Is Mayne about to return and once more throw his shadow over her life? Read the exciting coming chapters of Kathleen Norris' dramatic novel in the February issue of RADIO MIRROR.

How to Get the Most Out of Christmas

(*Continued from page* 11)

dress and that new hat. Mothers never do; for mothers have learned, also intuitively, that the best way to have a happy Christmas is to see to it that others are happy.

BUT the point of the matter is that that particular Christmas has always, in our family circle, been looked back upon as the happiest Christmas any of us, now grown up children, remember. Mother, as long as she lived, spoke of it as "My happy day." When we children, all of whom now have families of our own, gather together for a family reunion, we always speak of this day as "Mother's Christmas"—the Christmas when she spent her fifty dollars on us.

For Mother had learned what we all learn, sooner or later, that we get the most out of Christmas when we put the most into Christmas. I think that we all learned something that year which has made all Christmases since that one happier.

And, curiously enough, my second ilustration for this thought came from a blue, homesick, lonely theatrical troop.

The first story came out of the "panic" of 1892; the second one comes out of a Christmas which might have been a lonely and harassed one for the boys and girls who were the actors and chorus of one of Fred Stone's musical comedy companies.

Fred was playing Kansas City on Christmas Day. The day before Christmas he said to me: "Bill, these boys and girls are all far away from home this year. I want you to arrange a Christmas party for us between the Matinee and the evening performance and I'll pay the bill."

So I arranged for a Christmas dinner between the matinee and the evening performance. There were eighty in the company. Most of them came with their make-ups on, for there wasn't time to change between shows. I had the room beautifully decorated with a Christmas tree, holly, mistletoe. Then I sent word to every person in the company that I would expect each of them to stop at the "Five and Ten" and get small presents for anyone they wished. We sat down to the dinner at six o'clock; ate turkey and dressing; and celery and plum pudding; made merry as we ate and then had a simple little program. Members of the company did stunts; we sang "Silent Night, Holy Night" and all the Christmas hymns. It was a bit incongruous to hear "Once Upon a Midnight Clear" pouring forth from chorus girls with their make-up still on. I remember seeing the tears running down over the cheeks of one girl who had on a white make-up; and I swear that she looked like a Madonna herself as she sang. Several of the girls in that company had babies of their own back in New York City and, before the evening was over, showed me pictures of their babies. It was a strange evening. But what had looked as if it might be the loneliest and most miserable Christmas any of them could spend, turned out to be one of the happiest they had ever spent.

After that chorus of boys and girls had sung the old Christmas hymns and carols I read the simple story of the first Christmas as it is found in the Book of Matthew. When I had finished there was a hush over that crowd and then Fred said: "What do you say we repeat the Lord's Prayer, Bill?" And we did. And I for one will testify that I never heard that Prayer said with more sincerity and with more reverence than it was that night in the Kansas City Athletic Club by Fred Stone's chorus.

AND as the years have passed by I never meet any of the leads in that show, any of the chorus, or Fred himself, that they do not say to me: "That was the most beautiful Christmas I ever remember in all of my life."

And years afterwards in New York City Fred and I got to talking about that particular Christmas and Fred said to me: "Bill, somehow that Christmas stands out above most of the Christmases I have ever spent and I wonder why? I have often wondered if it was not that we sang those old hymns and carols and you read that simple story of Christmas from The Book?"

"No, Fred," I said, "you got the most out of that Christmas because you put a kind thought and your money into it. We get the most out of Christmas when we put the most into it."





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GO to your nearest newsstand or 5c and 10c counter—buy the January Song Hits magazine, but be sure you get the red and black cover with picture of Princess from Gulliver's Travels. Tear off bottom line on Page 34, print your name and address below and mail to publisher and you will receive by mail—ABSOLUTELY FREE—your copy of "400 Songs To Remember" containing over 400 famous songs. If your dealer is out of stock, send 10c to SONG HITS, 1 East 42nd Street, New York, for the January issue and your free copy of "400 Songs to Remember".

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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 242, Jefferson, Iowa

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page 6*)

solidly and played the hotel four consecutive years. They return to the Biltmore next March.

After losing one commercial that he'd held for four years, the 38-year-old Californian didn't just grab another routine show. Not imaginative Horace. The new one, as you listeners who jump now every time the phone bell rings, is the Pot O'Gold on NBC. Through an intricate system of dial-spins, some lucky listener with a telephone wins $1,000 every week. It's radio bank night and instead of two "B" pictures, you get Horace Heidt.

Horace continued to bounce up with more novelties this year. He hired a blind whistler and wooed away from swing alley one of the greatest trumpet players in the business, Bobby Hackett. He hired pianist Frankie Carle who wrote "Sunrise Serenade" and two talented female violinists who had confined their work to the concert stages.

Now he's ready to unveil his latest plan: The All Stars. A band of individual celebrities, each one a star in his or her own right.

"I'm convinced that I can groom Bobby Hackett, Frankie Carle, my two romantic singers Henry Russell and Larry Cotton into big name attractions," Heidt said seriously.

Heidt's payroll is heavy. He's got 17 musicians, 2 arrangers, 2 office workers, 9 singers and entertainers.

Right now the Musical Knights are on tour, winding up December 12 in Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove.

LIKE a jig-saw puzzle, the band is broken down into many individual acts. Some of them are:

Larry Cotton: The tenor soloist started out to be a lawyer at Oklahoma U., but when he discovered that he had really paid off his tuition by singing, he dropped the idea of following a legal profession and joined Jimmy Grier's band. Larry has been with Heidt almost three years and leads the band when Horace isn't around.

Frankie Carle: The wiry, olive-skinned pianist from Providence began his career when he was six years old. He banged around the country with that champion band tourist, Mal Hallett, and never excited anybody. He penned a few songs but publishers snubbed him. Then he wrote "Sunrise Serenade" and netted $20,000. Heidt is plugging his latest tune called "Shadows."

Fred Lowery: The blind whistler used to chirp for Vincent Lopez, but the Heidt organization is much better suited for his unusual talent. Fred lost the sight of both eyes two years after his birth. It was while a child in Texas that he learned to imitate all varieties of birds and discovered he could whistle two notes at a time.

Bobby Hackett: One of the truly great trumpet players in the country and a logical successor to Bix Beiderbecke. He also hails from Providence. For sixteen months he toiled in Nick's in the Village with his own band. But piloting such varied temperaments as those possessed by Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon and his own, was too much for 23-year-old Bobby. He threw in the sponge and joined the Heidt troupe.

The Le Ahn Sisters: Maree, 16, Virginia, 18, Jeanne, 19, Miriam, 21, come from Bellevue, Ohio. Their father was a minister. They were trained to sing as a unit from childhood by their ambitious mother. They replaced the Heidt-Lites who in turn, replaced the King Sisters.

Mary and Virginia Drane: Two girl violinists who somehow managed to escape Phil Spitalny's clutches. Often you will find them giving a concert engagement during the day, playing some Mozart Concertos, then rushing back to the Heidt bandstand for a little "Jumpin' Jive." Mrs. Roosevelt had them at the White House for a recital in 1938 and found them "charming young artists," according to a "My Day" item.

None of the eight girls in the band is married.

Heidt used to label his band "The Brigadiers" but his last sponsor owns the name and now Heidt cannot use it. That didn't stymie Horace. He bounced right back with a better title—"Musical Knights."

If he has added any more startling innovations since this piece was filed don't blame your reporter. You just can't keep pace with a guy like Heidt.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

And the Angels Sing; Star Dust (Victor 26353) Alec Templeton. A grand takeoff of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts by a fine artist, plus a smooth piano solo of Hoagy Carmichael's immortal tune.

Melancholy Lullaby; Last Night (Bluebird 10423) Glen Miller. Miller continues to prove that his fine band can play them sweet or swing.

Are You Havin' Any Fun?; Good Night My Beautiful (Victor 26335) Tommy Dorsey. Two tunes from the "Scandals" that threaten to attain Hit Parade heights.

Stranger Things Have Happened; Tomorrow Night (Vocalion 5090) Henry Russell. Russell is given a blessing by boss Horace Heidt on his own records and reveals a promising baritone in the Bing Crosby tradition.

Good Morning; Honest John (Bluebird 10424) Abe Lyman. A splendid coupling, one from "Babes in Arms," the other from Disney's "Pinocchio." Rose Blaine shines on the sunrise vocal.

Some Like It Swing

Utt Da Zay; Crescendo in Drums (Vocalion 5062) Cab Calloway. Heroic he-di-ho's with a Hebrew strain make this the swing platter of the month.

Shoot the Sherbert to Me Herbert; You Tell Me Your Dream (Bluebird 10396) Bob Chester. Up-and-coming Chester plays **Radio Mirror's** own hit tune.

Paper Picker; It's a Hundred to One (Decca 2738) Jan Savitt. A surprise waxing that should be discovered by the jitterbugs any day now.

World Is Waiting for the Sunrise; Blue Orchids (Decca 2734) Bob Crosby. Delirious Dixieland and sharp piano playing by Joe Sullivan.

Between the Devil; Found a New Baby (Victor 26355) Bob Zurke comes through again with a neat package of swing as it's played in New Orleans. A sharp relief from the rest of the pack.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 51*)

people there know her ability that a play starring her is always given to sold-out houses. Only on week-ends does she take time out for relaxation. A favorite way of spending Sunday is to tramp over the Carolina countryside to a mountain stream where she casts for bass with a talent that would make any professional fisherman envious. Or she invites people to her own home for informal Sunday-afternoon parties where she earns her reputation as a charming hostess and an interested listener.

Martha's such a skilled psychologist that the Ford Motor Company recently engaged her to tour the Carolinas, delivering talks to officials and salesmen on the psychology of the woman buyer—a job which she blithely took on, and performed despite the press of her other duties.

* * *

BRISTOL, Tenn.—There's a pleasant contrast between modernity and the past when Roy Nelson goes on the air over Bristol's WOPI, for he uses that very up-to-date invention, the radio, to bring back memories of old times in the southern mountains.

The Reader and His Poems is the name of Roy Nelson's program, which is heard every Sunday afternoon at 1:30. It's a pleasant, informal quarter-hour, with Nelson reading poems or philosophizing against the musical background of an organ played by Martin Neff.

Being a radio star is only one of Roy's activities. He is also a lawyer and the Governor of the Tennessee-Kentucky district of Kiwanis International. It's been due to his efforts, too, that many radio sets have been given away to mountaineers who couldn't afford to buy them themselves.

Roy was born on a farm in Buchanan County, Virginia, thirty-five years ago, near the home of John Fox, Jr., who wrote of that district in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and other novels. Perhaps it was the Fox influence that made him want to be an author. Even after he became a lawyer he kept up his literary work as a sideline, writing a weekly column for the Elizabethton *News* and a Sunday column for the Elizabethton *Star*. These columns attracted the attention of W. A. Wilson of WOPI, who invited him to conduct a program on the air. That was five years ago, and The Reader and His Poems has since been sponsored by various different firms.

Many of Roy's human interest stories are so touching that people write in to get copies of them, and he may soon publish a book of them called "Rural Mountain Sunsets."

* * *

The most Broadway-minded radio program on the air is Walter O'Keefe's Tuesday Night Party on CBS. Boss O'Keefe is the only important member of the cast who isn't working in a stage play or musical comedy. Singer Mary Martin is in one called "Nice Goin'," stooge Keenan Wynn is in the cast of "Madam Will You Walk," Bobbie Dolan is leading the orchestra in the new musical, "Very Warm for May," and the Martins Quartet are in Simone Simon's first American stage show, which may be called "Three Blind Mice," "The Gibson Girls," or something else entirely.

* * *

Several years ago, at the height of the depression, a couple of fellows named Manny Lee and Fred Dannay gave up their jobs. They were good jobs, too, and all their friends thought Manny and Fred were crazy, particularly as they didn't make any effort to get new ones. A little later, their friends began to think the two men must be gangsters, or something, because they always had plenty of money and nobody knew where it came from. But now the secret's out. Manny Lee and Fred Dannay together are Ellery Queen, the mystery-story writer whose books are all best-sellers, and whose adventures are now heard Sunday nights on CBS.

WLW'S COWGIRL SWEETHEART

AFTER only a little more than a year of appearing on a weekly variety show, Helen Diller has become so popular with Cincinnati listeners that she's been elevated to a program of her own.

Helen's twenty-two years old—she was born in 1917, in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Two years later her family moved to Brandon.

Although there was a time in her high school days when she thought she wanted to be a school teacher, Helen as a child showed the talent that has now led her to radio stardom in WLW's Boone County Jamboree Saturday nights. She sang and recited pieces at every school and church entertainment given in Brandon.

Toward the end of her high school course, she happened to hear a cowboy yodeller, and was immediately entranced. She persuaded her father to buy her a guitar and started out to teach herself to yodel. A year later, as she was completing her first year in college, a new radio station, CKY, was established in Brandon, and Helen's proud father urged her to sing on the air. Reluctantly, because she was scared to death, she consented—and found that radio was so exciting she wanted to give up school and take it up as a profession.

After she'd dropped her college work, her father helped her to get an audition on a Winnipeg broadcasting station, which was so successful that it led to several air appearances and a trip to Montreal to make some records with a cowboy orchestra.

Then Helen gambled on a trip to New York and an audition for Major Bowes' amateur hour. The gamble was a lucky one—she not only appeared on the program, but was such a hit that the next day she boarded a plane for Milwaukee to join one of the Bowes traveling vaudeville units.

After a nine-week tour she returned to Canada, and got a radio job in Winnipeg. The pay was only six dollars a week, and five of that went for room and board, but she got along somehow and wouldn't accept any help from her parents. She'd probably still be traveling if an offer hadn't come from WLW fourteen months ago.

Cincinnati folks hear her singing her western songs on her own program Saturday mornings, and on the cowboy variety show, Boone County Jamboree, Saturday nights.

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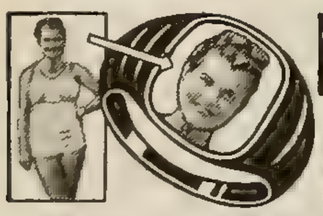
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It's the Bunk!

(*Continued from page* 21)

for her clothes. The third was a salesgirl in a large department store. She was by far the best dressed of the three, and her outfit cost $22.50."

"You're more than the husband's best friend, Miss Hawes, you're the silver lining in the dark cloud of next month's bills. But tell us, can the woman who doesn't live in New York dress as well and as cheaply?"

Certainly. Anywhere in the United States, a dress for $3.75 might be better than one for $375. Perhaps one reason that the salesgirl was the best dressed woman of the three was that she couldn't afford to throw her money away for ridiculous, haywire fashions. Moreover, if a woman really shopped wisely last year, her clothes would be just as stylish, this year—and next year, too."

"What do you mean by shopping wisely?"

"Here's my prescription for being well dressed on any size budget, any time, any place: Decide who you are. Find out what you're really doing—then forget all about your physical dimensions. Just buy what will best express the part you want to play. Don't worry about the so-called 'latest thing' and *don't* listen to any advice from your best friend!"

"No discussion of the ladies' clothes would be complete without some mention of skirts: long or short?"

"The length of a skirt is something that is determined by the shape of a lady's leg. The main thing is not to wear a skirt—ever—that ends *just below* the knee. Either just *above* the knee—and that's no joke—or else half-way down the calf. A skirt that comes just below the knee utterly ruins the line of the leg. The way for a woman to determine her best skirt length is simply to get a mirror and look at the back view. And if more women would look at their backs, most of them would be delighted with the flared skirts they'll be wearing for the next few years."

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page* 41)

singers ever to hold so important a radio job. Just a year out of college, Dennis celebrated his twenty-second birthday on May 21st.

* * *

Lum and Abner were sitting in their office rehearsing their script under trying conditions because someone in the next office was banging on the piano. Not wanting to hurt the "pianist's" feelings, they sent the following note: "We can hear your playing real good!"

* * *

Edgar Bergen last week became one of the few persons to witness a broadcast of the One Man's Family serial. Without Charlie McCarthy, Bergen visited the studio, met Carlton Morse and the cast, and stayed through the broadcast. Bergen remarked: "I'd trade places with Paul or Jack or Cliff any day!"

* * *

Mary "Bubbles" Kelly, newest regular member of the Burns and Allen radio cast, is probably radio's first and only stand-in. Having known Gracie for nearly fifteen years, (she introduced George and Gracie, stood up for Gracie at their marriage) she can imitate Gracie to a "T." She knows every movement, voice inflection, characterization, and stands by to take over if anything should at any time happen to Gracie.

* * *

What is probably a new high in fan devotion has been set by two young admirers of Frances Langford. For more than four years, two high school girls have never failed to send Frances two white gardenias whenever she appears on the air. It took Frances a year to learn their identity but she finally managed to thank them personally for their remembrances. Now they are frequent house guests at the home of Frances and her husband, Jon Hall.

* * *

CONFIDENTIALLY, Helen Wood, of "Those We Love" program, is trying to decide whether it will be a church wedding or an elopement with her Doctor-friend!

* * *

Reports that Don Ameche took his eight weeks vacation off the Charlie McCarthy show are greatly exaggerated. Don is actually suffering from a mild case of stomach ulcers, and hopes the layoff will help him recover. Last year he spent his whole vacation on his back getting over an emergency appendectomy after being stricken in Europe!

* * *

Cecil de Mille is about to become a grandfather! His daughter, Katherine de Mille Quinn, is expecting a visit from babyland at Christmas! Papa Tony Quinn is a Paramount actor.

* * *

Look for Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston to elope at any moment!

* * *

Kay Kyser's film debut in "That's Right—You're Wrong!" is said to be terrific!

* * *

In his pre-broadcast audience warmup speech, Jack Benny introduced Eddie Anderson (Rochester) as the "guy who stole my last picture."

* * *

Jimmie Fidler's wife, Bobby, considered Hollywood's best dressed woman, owns Hollywood's smartest dress shop, The Gladys Parker Shoppe!

* * *

Dick Powell, in New York for personal appearances, may stay there to to do a Broadway dramatic play. He will not appear in a musical comedy!

* * *

AFTER DARK: Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone hosting Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck at the Brown Derby. In a booth across from them sat Frank Fay, alone. (He is Barbara's ex-husband!)

Second Husband

(*Continued from page* 15)

agreed with everything I had to say along these lines when I was trying to make Grant understand. And she offered to go with Grant in my place.

I've just watched them leave in the big car . . . watched them from my window while I hid behind the curtain like a jealous wife. *And that's exactly what I am!* For when I saw Grant help Mimi into the car I felt deserted, pushed aside. And now I'm torturing myself with mental pictures of the two of them arriving at the party . . . of people raising their eyebrows and asking each other if the fact that Mimi is with Grant means there is a rift in the Cummings household *already!*

Saturday, April 17th . . .

SOMETIMES the harder you try to have things right the more complicated and dangerous they become . . .

Last night when the children and I were having our little dinner party Kenneth Stevens dropped in. The children like Kenneth and he seemed pleased to accept their invitation to remain.

I didn't want him or the children to suspect that I was put out about Mimi and Grant so I tried to be very gay indeed. After dinner—when all I could think about was Grant and Mimi together—I turned on the radio and suggested we have a dance. Most of the time I danced with Dick and Kenneth danced with Fran. It was out of courtesy I danced with Kenneth once or twice. And it was while I was dancing with him that Mimi and Grant returned, surprisingly early.

Grant's face went dark. And trying to help things I said something about the fun it had been to have Kenneth there, that he was one of the children's favorite people.

If Grant's face hadn't alarmed me so I would have known better.

"I never knew you liked children, Kenneth," Grant said in icy tones.

"I never did—before;" Kenneth was just as disagreeable as Grant.

Then Mimi chimed in: "You see, Grant darling, I told you Brenda wouldn't be so lonely. Beauties with red hair never are, you know!"

Ben's suspicions may have poisoned my mind but it seemed to me Mimi was gloating.

Wednesday, April 21st . . .

Grant and I have had a long, heart-to-heart talk. We've promised to believe in each other. This won't be easy for Grant. I know that. He's intensely jealous by nature.

When he saw Kenneth Stevens dancing with me last Friday night he was ready to knock him down. I saw his fists clench.

And I know there are times when he resents the claim the children have on me, when he feels I give them more time than they require.

He denies that he ever has been jealous of Dick or Fran but when I reminded him that a house divided against itself couldn't stand he looked so serious and frightened that I knew my thrust had gone home.

Tuesday, May 12th . . .

Grant has given me the most beautiful diamond bracelet. I'm almost afraid of it, it's worth so much, it's so very grand. He planned to give me an old sapphire brooch that belonged to his mother instead—and I would have preferred this—but Mimi assured him the bracelet would be better for me, that I'd hardly care for the brooch since I hadn't known his mother.

I'm getting a little tired and more than a little suspicious of Mimi's interest in my affairs . . .

Dear, sweet Grant—how I love him! He can't do enough for me. And he never wearies of telling me how happy I make him and of how completely he loves me. Reverently, I thank God for that; I would be lost without him.

Wednesday, June 1st . . .

It looks as if the time had come for Dick and Fran and me to go back to Montana—*where we belong!* People who pass this great house probably envy those who live in it and think we must be marvelouly happy because we're so rich. Little they know . . .

Grant loves me and I worship him. But we're making each other desperate and miserable. And things promise to get worse, not better. Grant just can't keep his promise not to be jealous. Jealousy is like a disease with him.

Tuesday I took the children on a picnic. And as we were opening our lunch basket Kenneth Stevens joined us. He had called the house and Mimi had told him where he could find us. (I shouldn't blame her for doing this, I suppose, but I do. I don't believe it was anything she did innocently. She knew it would upset Grant and make trouble between us if Kenneth and I spent an afternoon together!)

Grant questioned me about my day at dinner and I knew from his manner that he had been informed about the picnic and about Kenneth. When I explained that Kenneth had caught up with us, Grant flew into a rage.

He insists Kenneth is in love with me, that Kenneth admitted this to someone who told him about it. Unless I'm very much mistaken the "Someone" is Mimi Hale.

Friday, June 3rd . . .

I KNEW Grant's quarrel with me about Kenneth Stevens was only the beginning of more and more and more unhappiness . . . for all of us! Yesterday he lunched with Kenneth, my name came into the conversation, he accused Kenneth of being in love with me—*told him Mimi had admitted he had confessed this to her*—and Kenneth said "Well, you know it now, so what!"

Now he and Kenneth are no longer friends.

Wednesday, June 15th . . .

Kenneth Stevens is out to ruin Grant in business!

Friday, June 17th . . .

I don't know what I would do without Ben Porter. He takes Dick and Fran to the park, to the movies, for bus rides.

Now, more than ever, I must be with Grant. He's frantic with worry. If Dick and Fran were his children it would be different. Then I wouldn't be so fearful they would get on his nerves. As it is I send them away whenever they come knocking on our door. They're healthy little rascals and they can make a fearful racket. I don't want Grant to snap at them.



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It wouldn't mean a thing if he did, he's so overwrought, but they might not understand.

Wednesday, June 22nd . . .

Dick has run away.

All I can do is pray he's still safe and that he will be found. Grant has the police and private detectives working on the case. And he is sure everything will be all right. After all, Dick isn't his son. And when things aren't *too* important to you you can afford to be optimistic . . .

Hours seem eternities. Days and nights are torture. Grant sleeps in snatches and when I hear his regular breathing I resent it. I mustn't be unreasonable. I tell myself that over and over and over.

Fran has tried to comfort me, poor dear, but every word she has uttered has increased my torture. It is my fault Dick has run away. I married Grant Cummings and brought Dick and Fran here where Mimi Hale could get at them with her reptile's tongue. Some people are truly evil. She is. Ben Porter was so right . . .

"I told Dick he was foolish," Fran explained to me. "I told him we weren't in the way here at all. How could we be when we're in our rooms almost all the time? Why we've hardly seen you and Mr. Cummings lately . . .

"I told Dick you were only busy with Mr. Cummings the way you used to be busy in the shop. But Dick said Miss Hale knew more about it than I did. And Miss Hale is always telling us when mothers get married a second time children—like Dick and me, you know—never get a new father but that they lose their mother. Because their mother has to belong to her new husband, that it's the law."

Dear God, take care of my poor little fellow. He's so frightened and lonely. He thinks he's lost his mother. . . .

Saturday, June 25th . . .

DICK is home! Thank God for that! I can only hope the scare he had when he found himself alone in the city will teach him a lesson. They found him in Grand Central Terminal. He was trying to get back to Montana.

I've had a long talk with Dick and Fran. I've explained to them that we're the Three Musketeers as we always were and that if anyone tells them anything that worries them or anything they can't understand they must come to me about it.

This isn't the time to expose Mimi. Grant has enough on his mind. Kenneth Stevens and his interests are still fighting him tooth and nail. He may lose a great deal of money. He even could be ruined.

Friday, July 1st . . .

When Grant hears about the hardships we knew in Montana he has a habit of stooping to kiss my hair and of whispering "Red Badge of Courage!" But these days when I look in the mirror I feel my hair should be white . . . for cowardice and from worry . . .

Things are going badly for Grant. Unless there's a change in the market trend soon he'll be wiped out. And it will be *my* fault! If I'd stayed in Montana, Grant still would have Kenneth for his friend. And the horror of the past two weeks—with the worst yet to come, I'm afraid—never would have been.

When it's all over and Grant has time to count the cost he can't fail to resent me. I think Mimi senses this. For she has trouble in hiding her elation when bad news comes over the wire. For if Grant should lose his money and turn against me she would have things her way once more . . . and she has money enough for both of them.

Tuesday, July 5th . . .

I'm going to see Kenneth Stevens. If he loves me as they say he does surely he won't take my life away from me. And if Grant should resent me as a result of all that has happened there'll be nothing left. I'll be such a bitter, lonely woman that I won't even be fit company for my children.

Wednesday . . .

I WENT to Kenneth Stevens. And it was the hardest thing I've ever had to do. He tried to take advantage of me being there. He told me that he loved me enough to use any means to get me. But when he saw how entirely I belong to Grant, he changed. He gave me his hand and promised he would do what he could to stop this horrible financial slaughter — that's exactly what it is, too. But he's involved with other men and he may not be able to pull out. I don't understand Wall Street affairs. I can only hope and pray.

Sunday, July 17 . . .

This is such a day as I've dreamed of living in this house. Kenneth Stevens and Grant are friends again. The fight is off and Grant's money is safe.

Grant and Dick and Fran and I went to church this morning. We sat in the Cummings pew with a silver plaque on its side and thanked God for our blessings.

Grant has been sweet with the children, too. I expected a scene this afternoon. Dick broke a rare porcelain figure and came to our suite to tell us about it. I had to scold him, much as I dislike doing this in front of Grant for I know Dick has great pride.

"Dick," I said, "how many times have I told you that you must not touch things that don't belong to you . . ."

"Hey there," Grant interrupted me, "that porcelain belongs to Dick just as much as it belongs to you or me. This is his home and these are his things . . ." Then he put his arm about Dick's shoulders and they went off together to mend the figure as well as they can.

Fran was as delighted over all this as I was. She threw herself into my arms and sighed "Oh Mommy, I'm so terribly happy." And her pretty blue eyes were like stars.

Monday, August 1st . . .

It's weeks since I've written. Probably because things, on the surface at least, are going so beautifully. It's when I'm in difficulties that I take refuge in these pages.

Grant and the children are getting along beautifully. It's been a dozen days since I've had to worry about dividing myself satisfactorily. Suddenly I seem to have time for all those I love. My heart isn't sore from stretching in two directions.

Only one thing worries me—Mimi Hale! Ben was here this morning. He dislikes her so much that he isn't quite sane about her. I reminded him how pleasant and cooperative Mimi has been lately. But he only shook his head. "Look out, that's all I say!" he told me. "She's out to get you. She'd have been out to get anyone who married Grant. And you're beau-

tiful and that makes her jealous too."

Friday, August 5th . . .

We're going to the Montana ranch for a month's holiday.

Last night, cook's night out, Grant took Dick and Fran and me out to dinner and showed us the railroad tickets—yards and yards of them. It was his beautiful surprise. Ben's going too, of course. It wouldn't be Thompsonville without him. I'll see my beautiful mountains again.

Wednesday, August 10th

We're traveling as if we were royalty. Our accommodations take up almost an entire car, with Ben occupying the drawing-room on the end. He complains, bitterly, about the luxury but it's evident enough that he's proud of Grant and his social position and his wealth. I think Ben's pride would suffer much more than Grant's if all this should be taken away from us.

I like the luxury of my room. I adore my little morocco case with my private bed linen. I love the beautiful flowers Grant keeps around me. I enjoy all the things that money buys. But above all this—far above it—there's the joy I know because Grant and my children seem to be growing fond of each other. He seems very proud when he introduces them to his friends. And they call him General Grant. That, of course, implies a great compliment.

No wonder I go around with a little prayer of thanksgiving in my heart.

Thursday, August 11th . .

Grant and I are aboard a privately chartered plane flying back to New York. The children and Ben remained on the train. What awaits us in New York only God knows . . .

Little did I think when I made the entry before this that my joy was going to be so short-lived. Oh, we do well to treasure our moments of happiness—to enjoy any security we have *while* we have it!

I've been cold and numb now for hours, ever since Grant came into my drawing-room with that telegram in his hand. It was from Kenneth. It seems a lawyer named Slemp insists my *first husband, Richard Williams, is alive.*

If Richard Williams is alive I'm a bigamist. They can arrest me. Grant and I won't be man and wife any more. And they can take my children from me.

Grant, dear that he is, keeps trying to reassure me. He says the whole thing is probably nothing more than a blackmail scheme . . . that some unscrupulous lawyer probably hopes we will turn over a large sum of money rather than face a scandal.

Poor, dear Grant . . . Since he married me—*and because he married me* —he's had enough worry to drive him mad.

Later . . .

Maybe I should tell Grant that Richard Williams *could* be alive . . . that the man they found in that wrecked automobile, the man who was buried as Richard Williams, was so badly burned that the only means of identification was a ring.

Has Brenda Cummings' first husband really come back from the grave, to destroy all the happiness she believed she has found? And what of the children who slowly have been learning to like their foster father? Follow Brenda's dramatic story on CBS Tuesday evenings and next month in the pages of RADIO MIRROR *—again in intimate diary form.*



This is Eileen French, average American girl, who is being put through the Hollywood glamour mill for the benefit of girls and women everywhere.

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Ladies, meet Eileen French. She is in Hollywood going through the glamour mill. She is not a motion picture star—not even a starlet. She is just an average girl who, by arrangement with MOVIE MIRROR, is being worked on by Hollywood's greatest glamour artists to see what can be done for the appearance, carriage and presence of average girls everywhere.

You see her here just as she presented herself in Hollywood straight from her home in Chicago. That was a number of weeks ago. Already amazing results have been attained. From all appearance still more amazing results will be obtained.

In MOVIE MIRROR for January she tells in detail all that has happened so far. Her article titled "I'm Hollywood's Galatea" is richly illustrated with photographs showing exactly how the glamour artists work. Each month she will tell you exactly what has happened since the last instalment. Each instalment will be completely illustrated so that you can follow her progress step by step.

If you wish to increase your glamour by all means do not miss this feature which bids fair to be the most practical, resultful beauty course ever published. It begins in the January issue of MOVIE MIRROR, now on sale. Get your copy today.

January Issue—Rich in Hollywood Lore

I'm Hollywood's Galatea • The Thrilling Story Behind Annabella's Daring Flight For Her Child • Broken Pilgrimage—The Moving Story of Madeleine Carroll's French Orphans • How To Keep a Boy Friend • Four Wives • I'm Dating At Eight by Ann Sheridan • Down Santa Claus Lane • Hollywood Analyzes Love • Preston Packs a Punch • Dangerously Yours • The Man Scarlett Will Marry • Camera Loot • Swingstars • Gallery • The Colossus of Lilliput.

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By
Dr. GRACE GREGORY



Lucille Manners, of Friday's Cities Service Concerts, knows how much a delicate scent can add to feminine loveliness.

MORE and more people give perfumes as Christmas presents. A gift of perfume is always a safe bet to please any woman, whether you choose her favorite, or yours, or a new one that intrigues you. Consequently January usually finds us with a renewed assortment of scent containers. It is a good time to give some thought to their proper use.

Lucille Manners, whose warm soprano voice comes to you for Cities Service Friday nights at eight, NBC Network, is a connoisseur of perfumes as well as of music. Miss Manners has a soprano voice of unusual range, with a certain richness in the lower notes which has misled some of her fans into supposing her a contralto. She made her debut at the age of seven, so that by the time radio discovered her she was an experienced artist. She takes the choice of her songs very seriously, often rewriting the lyrics when they are not up to her exacting standard. Her chief interests are (in the order given) music, the new home she has bought in Manhasset, and the perfumes with which she so cleverly enhances her unusual charm.

"How many perfumes do you usually keep on hand?" I asked. "About fifteen at a time," she replied. "More than that," said her mother. Miss Manners varies her perfumes according to the season. "Heavier odeurs for winter," she says, "Woodsy and floral scents for Spring and early Summer, and spicy ones for late Summer and Autumn."

Whether you vary your perfume according to the season as she does, or according to the time of day, or the occasion, or just according to your mood or whim, the main thing is to keep varying. It is a simple psychological fact that we cease to be aware of any odor that continues too long. The woman who sticks to one or two favorite perfumes soon ceases to smell them. So do her friends. She might as well have no perfume at all. Moreover, the woman who has ceased to be aware of her own perfume is likely to put on too much. This brings us to the second point.

When I recently suggested a variety of perfumes to one of my friends, her eyebrows went up quizzically. "I certainly would like to own lots of different perfumes at the same time," she said, "but they are so expensive I cannot afford to have more than one or two on my dressing table."

This woman was under the impression that perfume must be expensive to be alluring. Actually, there are several very inexpensive perfumes on the market which can be bought for no more than the cost of a lipstick. These are put out by reputable manufacturers who produce quality perfume, attractively priced, because they are sold in such tremendous quantities.

A woman's fragrance should be apparent only within "kissing distance." Subtlety is the keynote in using perfume. Men say they do not like to get a whiff as a woman comes towards them. They want it to linger as she passes.

For the best results, perfume should be applied directly on the skin. Behind the ears, on the wrists, on the backs of the hands, or on the part of the hair are the preferred positions. But not all at once, please. If perfume is used on the skin, the body warmth diffuses it gradually. If you find that it disappears too soon, better carry a small flaçon in your handbag and renew it, rather than trying to get it on too strongly at first.

Perfume on the garments should be applied with an atomizer. Better still, use a toilet water, the milder version of perfume, for this purpose. Perfume on the dress or coat is likely to be too strong at first. A spray of toilet water on the underwear is better. Or a drop of perfume on a bit of cotton tucked in your hatband. Or a drop on a tiny handkerchief concealed in the breast of your gown.

Perfumes come from many sources. There are simple floral or herbal scents. There are heavier odeurs which have as their base such substances as musk, civet and ambergris. Let the skilled chemists of perfume concern themselves with such matters. It is for us to educate our neglected sense of smell until we can select our fragrance with artistry.

A Tip On Daintiness

THERE is another side to the story of subtle fragrance. It must be founded on personal daintiness. In these months of warm rooms and closed windows the morning beauty bath is not enough. Choose your favorite deodorant, and use it as directed. Not every day. Most of them last several days. There are liquids, creams, powders, and pads. They are inexpensive, safe, and especially necessary in these days of closed windows and hot rooms.

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 3*)

work done, it won't make a particle of difference to me if Grandpa Crabtree continues to contend that "this radio is just another fool fad!"—Mrs. R. H. Fletcher, Carrollton, Ga.

FOURTH PRIZE

Can Radio Keep Us Out of War?

I wish to commend our American radio for the fairness it has shown both sides in news reports of the present European conflict.

Reports of bombings and such have been given in a cool, calm, objective manner with no attempt to draw conclusions or place the finger of blame, only giving reports from the various sources as received. Of course, there have been several commentators who let their prejudice and emotions run away, but on the whole, the war news has been delivered to us in a highly satisfactory manner.

If our radio can continue in this vein, we Americans will be better prepared to throw off propaganda.

America *must* stay out of this war! That is one of radio's prime responsibilities.—Thelma Louise Smith, Memphis, Tenn.

FIFTH PRIZE

A Challenge to the "Lady in Maine"

A lady in Maine remarks that . . . "It is no wonder children of today start out in life with a snarl and end up that way" . . . because of "screeching and squabbling radio broadcasts."

That's all hooey! Children and adults snarled before we ever had radio broadcasts. It isn't because of what they hear on the radio. They are just the snarling kind.

My child has listened to this type of broadcast for years and she's still as sweet as they come.—Mrs. Clyde C. Carlson, Spokane, Wash.

SIXTH PRIZE

Think it over, Rudy

I understand that Rudy Vallee is thinking of disbanding his orchestra and starting a career as an actor.

I'm not writing to criticise Rudy, but maybe he would be making a serious mistake in making such a move. Personally, I think Rudy is a swell band leader and master of ceremonies. Rudy still "packs them in" with the Connecticut Yankees—but would Rudy Vallee, the actor?

Think well before stepping into oblivion, Rudy.—W. J. Donovan, Lewiston, Maine.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Her Wish Was Granted

About May 25 I submitted the following suggestion:

"I am confident that a new Sherlock Holmes series, featuring Basil Rathbone in the title role, would be welcomed by many radio listeners.

"My family and friends used to enjoy that program very much and missed it greatly when it stopped.

"If this program could be put on in the evening I am sure it would prove as popular as it did when it was conducted by Mr. Hector, and would be looked forward to eagerly."

I notice that this program has already been started, so although I did not receive credit, my suggestion was followed.—Florence Elliott, Chicago.

Beginning Next Month

ANOTHER GREAT TRUE STORY CONTEST

$25,000.00 *in Prizes*

Here are the important facts. A new true story contest will begin on Tuesday, January 2nd, next. It will run for four months through January, February, March and April, closing on Tuesday April 30, 1940.

There will be ten master prizes of $1000 each—30 other prizes of $500 each, forty in all, totaling $25,000.

Think what 10 master prizes of $1,000 means! To win one of them your story does not have to be the best, nor the fifth best, nor the ninth best. It can even be the tenth best and still you will receive just as much for it as though it were the very best true story submitted.

And then think what thirty prizes of $500 each means! If your story falls anywhere between eleventh and fortieth best you will get $500 for it regardless of its position in the line-up. We doubt if we have ever made a more attractive offer.

And then again, do not forget that in addition to prize winning stories we buy many other true stories each year at our regular rate (approximately 2c per word) which means that even if your story falls slightly below the prize winning grade we may purchase it from you at a good figure provided we can use it.

We are giving you this advance information so that you can begin immediately to prepare your story. If you have never taken part in TRUE STORY contests by all means send for a free copy of "Facts You Should Know About True Story Magazine," which will describe to you the method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective. A coupon is provided for your convenience.

Watch the February issue of this and allied Macfadden magazines (on sale during January) for complete contest rules, prize schedule and other important information.

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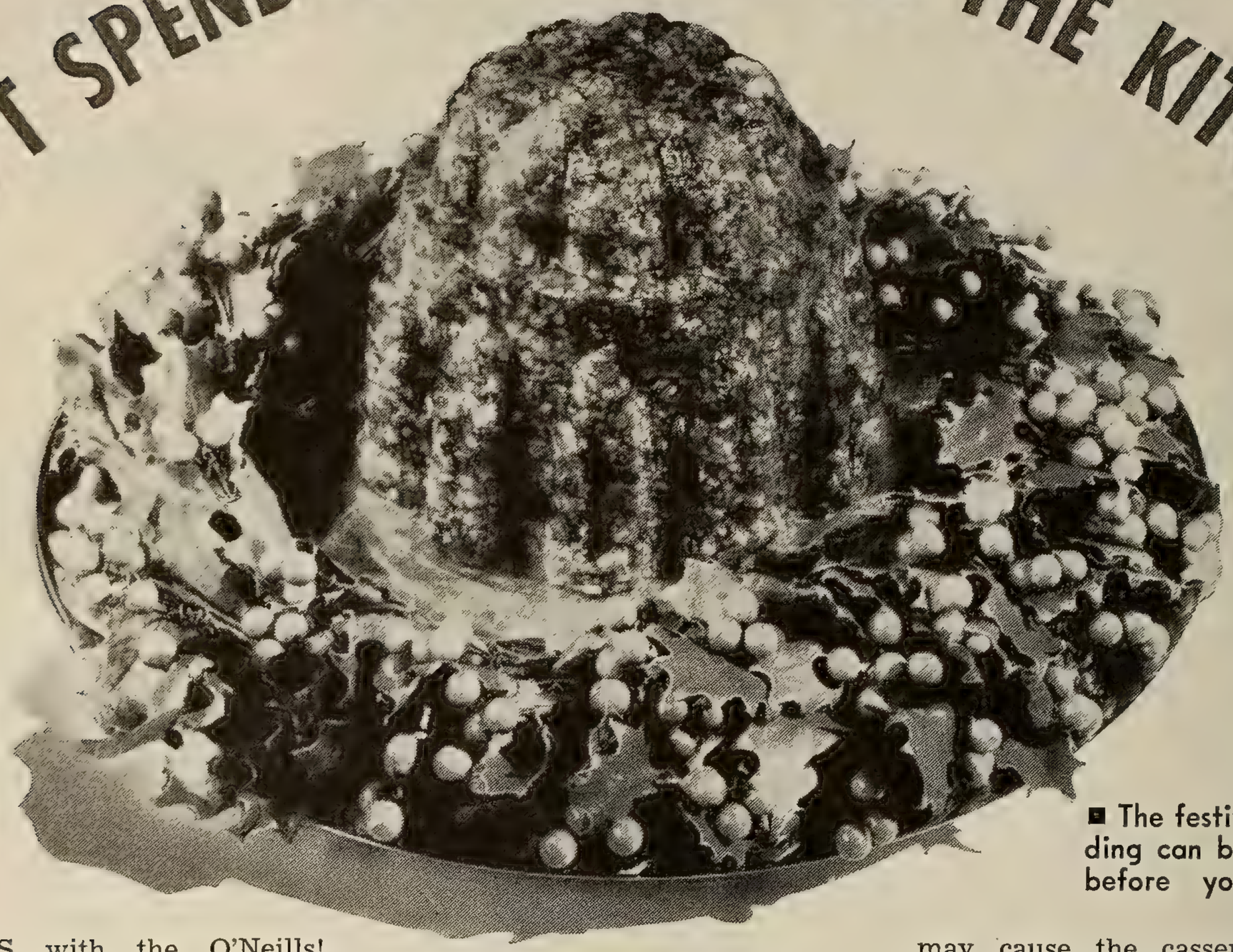
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DON'T SPEND CHRISTMAS IN THE KITCHEN



■ The festive plum pudding can be made long before you serve it.

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

CHRISTMAS with the O'Neills! Could anything be more fun than to spend the most important day of the year with this delightful radio family? An unforgettable treat, surely—but, since it is out of the question, we are doing the next best thing and bringing you Kate McComb who plays Mrs. O'Neill in this absorbing NBC serial. For an ideal Christmas, in Mrs. McComb's opinion, most of the cooking and preparation must be completed the day before, leaving the hostess free and rested to entertain her guests on the great day. Her recipes and routines will make your own Christmas easier and gayer, so we are passing them on to you.

The most important task of the day before Christmas, suggests Mrs. McComb, is getting the turkey ready. Clean, stuff and truss the bird and cook the giblets for the gravy. When the turkey is tucked into the refrigerator ready to go into the oven on Christmas morning, wash the celery and salad ingredients, place them in the refrigerator along with a can of cranberry jelly, bottles of olives, pickles or other relishes that are to be served cold, and make the French dressing or mayonnaise for the salad.

As the next step, Mrs. McComb suggests preparing sweet potatoes with marshmallows and baked white onions, both to be served in the casserole in which they are cooked.

Sweet Potatoes With Marshmallows

Boil sweet potatoes with the jackets on. When tender, and still hot, remove the jackets and run potatoes through a ricer. For each medium-size sweet potato add two chopped marshmallows, a teaspoon of butter and a few drops of lime juice. Add salt and pepper to taste and turn into a buttered casserole.

Baked White Onions

Cook small white onions in boiling salted water until they begin to get tender. Drain, turn into buttered casserole, dot generously with butter, dust lightly with nutmeg.

Both onions and sweet potatoes are placed, covered, in the refrigerator over night. They should go into the oven on Christmas day about three-quarters of an hour, before the turkey is done, but be sure to take them out of the refrigerator well in advance, otherwise the sudden change in temperature from refrigerator to oven may cause the casserole to crack.

■ Kate McComb is the wise and kind mother of The O'Neills.



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY ★ ★ ★ ★

Now you are ready to make the dessert, the festive plum pudding shown above. It is served with almond flavored hard sauce and the ingredients are:

1 package lemon or cherry gelatine
Dash of salt ½ tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. cloves 1 pint hot water
¾ cup finely cut raisins
¾ cup finely cut cooked prunes
¼ cup finely cut citron
¾ cup finely cut nut meats
¾ cup nut-like cereal

Combine gelatine, salt and spices. Add hot water and stir until gelatine dissolves. Chill. When slightly thickened fold in combined fruits, nuts and nut-like cereal. Turn into mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm, and let stand in refrigerator until ready to serve. Unmold.

Almond Flavored Hard Sauce

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
Pinch salt
¾ tsp. almond flavoring

Cream together the butter and sugar, work in the salt, then add the almond flavoring.

WITH all these preparations out of the way, Christmas day will be a happy, carefree one. The salad will be simple as well as colorful if you follow Mrs. McComb's suggestion of tomatoes and alligator pears, cut into small cubes and served with French dressing or mayonnaise. The green vegetable, if you wish to serve one, must of course be left until Christmas day. Mrs. McComb prefers green peas since they are quickly and easily prepared and cooked.

And may your Christmas be a merry one!

Reunion After Divorce

(*Continued from page 9*)

entered a home electric with tension, fraught with the danger of two people in love, blindly seeking an escape from the worry that was destroying their love.

Until the last moment, Bette would not admit that her marriage was crashing. "Ham and I are still in love," she insisted whenever she spoke on the subject at all. But Bette knew, and her friends knew, that there was despair in her heart.

NEVER in her life had Bette been working so hard. The period of her harvest had finally begun. At last she was reaping the pleasant fame that was following so many years of learning, desperate years of apprenticeship, struggling for a foothold.

She was a whirling dervish of an actress, working such long hours and under such tension that at times it might be said she had no life of her own—that she was fit for nothing by the time she reached home but exhausted sleep. And Ham was human and masculine.

What man ever can easily accept a wife who is more important than he? Or can stand seeing that wife come home a shadow that needs sleep, sleep, sleep so that when she faces the cameras in the morning she can come to life again?

There are those who live like this and stay married. Divorce isn't inevitable. But it helps so much when the woman is past her first wild rush to the top and when the husband is secure in successful work of his own.

No two people ever fought harder than Bette and Ham. For two heartbreaking years they did everything in their power to resolve their differences. When at last they had no choice, they were even more bitterly unhappy than before.

Bette had reached one conclusion. She told Ham, and she told her friends, "Only one thing could save our marriage. My giving up my career. I thought about it. Seriously! And I decided it was no use. For if I should quit now before I finish all the things I set out to do, it is altogether too likely I would turn resentful, even bitter."

So two lovers, who had been pledged to each other since childhood, turned from each other and sought separate lives of their own—too proud, too discouraged to try and meet again, to consider the possibility of beginning together again.

Which would have been the end of most marriage stories. And might very well have been the end of this except for that day so long ago when Pamela Caveness had met Bette.

For Pamela was not the same timid child that had shyly said hello to Bette. She had learned many important things quickly, by absorption, the way little girls will, in those short months she had stayed with Bette.

Self confidence had been what Pam needed most of all. Bette had sought in every way to endow her with it. She had been quick with praise. She had even found a role for Pam in one of her plays on the Silver Theater radio program so that the girl would have some experience with the microphone.

And then, just as Bette's own life seemed to crash beyond repair, word came that Pam was wanted in New York—Raymond Paige had signed her, she was to make her real debut, was to sing with a wonderful orchestra. Pam's life was just beginning.

"You'll be there with me, won't you?" Pam pleaded. And without thinking, knowing only that this was a moment for Pam that could never be repeated, Bette had said, "Of course, Pam. I'll be there!"

It was later, when the night of Pam's debut was drawing near, that Bette realized what she had promised. Not that leaving Hollywood, taking the long journey across the country, was much. But when she got there,

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933, of RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1939.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred R. Sammis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) FRED R. SAMMIS.

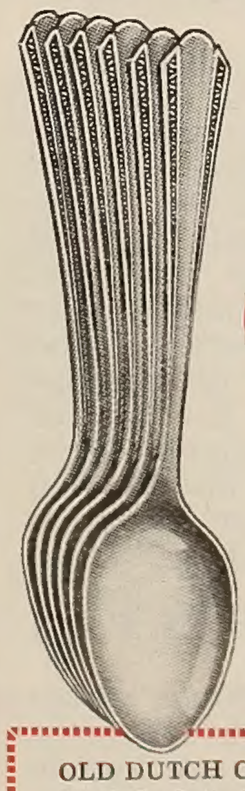
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she would find Ham! For Pamela was still his protegee!

Bette could have turned back. But a promise to a child is so much more difficult to break, perhaps because children don't understand as well, or perhaps because they understand so much better. So she came to New York.

All too soon the night of the debut came and Bette was standing beside Ham in the wings of the radio studio, sharing again a common excitement and hope and belief in someone. And there was Pam, before the microphone, waiting, young and smiling, unconscious of the drama about her.

At that moment it isn't at all likely that it was Pam and Pam only of whom Bette was thinking. Then, I suspect, Bette's heart welled up within her, and Harman Nelson's heart welled up within him—and the loneliness they had felt all the months they were parted was gone.

Yet there had to come the time for departure once more. The broadcast finished and Bette could turn to Ham and they could honestly rejoice in a job well done. Pam's debut had brought thunderous applause from the audience. I don't pretend to know what Bette said to Ham or how they phrased their second farewells. But I do know what Bette told me on the telephone when I talked to her soon afterwards. She had gone to New England for her first rest in a year.

"Are you and Ham reconciling?" I asked. "That's the rumor."

"People naturally think that," Bette said. "But it's not true. Nothing has changed. And if we couldn't get on before we wouldn't get on now. Even though I still think Ham's a pretty swell guy. . . ."

"I have your word you're not reconciling?" I persisted.

"You have my word," she said. And then she added, "Not this year!"

Not this year. . . . Bette might have used that phrase idly. She might have used it sentimentally, loathe to speak so finally of the rift between her and Ham. Or she might have used it literally.

At the time I didn't attach as much importance to Bette's *"Not this year!"* as I have lately. For since I talked to Bette many things which stood between her and Ham have changed!

There's Pam's radio success. It may be the golden key that will open the doors of Hollywood success for Harmon Nelson—for now Pam promises to be important enough to elevate Ham to the rank of topnotch agent—to such importance of his own that he could take Bette's fame and stardom in his stride.

That's one aspect of the situation that has changed. There's another, too—a change of Bette's own making.

She is making new working arrangements with her studio. Never again—she swears it—will she make five pictures in one year.

Is it only because she is tired and worn out that she has made this resolve? Partially, of course—but there may well be a deeper reason. If Bette made only two pictures a year, she would be so much more a wife. She could supervise her home in the way her New England heart longs to supervise it—even to such details as to how the bedroom chintz should be hung and the cut of the Sunday roast. She could then be a patient, loving wife to someone—and unless all romantic signs fail, she would rather be this to Ham than to anyone else.

It may be that Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson will find their way back together again . . . because they met that night to hear Pam's song. It may be that the professional success Pam knew then can only be counted a small part of her triumph. Time will tell. . . .

Henry Aldrich Is In Love!

(*Continued from page* 17)

had a hunch the store would lay her off as soon as the Christmas rush was over; and then where would she be? (The hunch, incidentally, later proved to be well-founded.)

She'd made a few "connections," but none of them seemed likely to do her any good except an acquaintance with an actor who knew Ezra Stone. Because of the disreputable part he plays in this story, we'd better call him Mr. Sanders, which is definitely not his name.

"I'D like to meet Ezra Stone," she told Mr. Sanders.

"I don't know," Mr. Sanders demurred. "He's pretty busy. But perhaps— I know the restaurant where he goes after the night's performance. I'll take you along there and introduce you as my niece."

Ezra liked Alec Sanders' little niece. There was something about her . . . her shyness, the way she smiled, the warm sincerity in her voice.

They talked, and danced a little, and Ezra told her to come and see him backstage. He was, as Mr. Sanders had said, pretty busy, so he and Ann didn't meet very often in the next month or so, but he didn't forget her, and shortly after the first of the year, when the department store had laid her off, he was able to tip her off that a walk-on part was soon to be open in "What a Life." Ann got the job. She signed up for it, using the name by which Ezra still knew her—Ann Sanders.

Ann's mother came down from Maine to visit her daughter for a week or so, and of course she had to meet Ezra. Ann, blushing furiously, warned her that when Ezra called her "Mrs. Sanders" she must answer calmly, as if she'd been used to carrying that name for years and years. "It's—it's only a stage name," Ann said, "but Ezra doesn't know that and —it'd be too hard to explain now."

But when her mother had gone back to Maine again, Ann did explain, haltingly. Maybe he'd be mad. Accuse her of deceiving him—pretending to be an actor's niece when she wasn't at all. It was a bad moment, but she went through with it.

"I'm not Alec Sanders' niece," she confessed, "and my name isn't Sanders. It's Muensch—Ann Muensch."

Ezra jumped. "It's *what?*" he cried.

"Muensch—M-u-e-n-s-c-h," she spelled it out.

"Oh, but that's terrible," he said. "That's an *awful* name for an actress. Can you imagine *that* in lights?"

"But don't you care about the way I pretended to be somebody I wasn't?"

"Of course not," said Ezra. "If you hadn't I might not have paid enough attention to you to know how much I liked you. And besides, I pretend to be somebody I'm not every night and twice on matinee days. How can you be an actor if you don't?"

So that was all right—all except the complete unsuitability of Ann Muensch for a stage name.

That night, strolling along Forty-fifth Street after the performance, Ezra and Ann tried to think of a good name for her, now that she was no longer Miss Sanders and couldn't be Miss Muensch. They tried several names and rejected them all. Then they went past the Plymouth Theater, where that season's biggest hit was playing. Ezra glanced up at the signs over the marquee.

"I've got it!" he cried. "We'll give you the best box-office name on Broadway. See?"

Ann looked where he was pointing —at a sign advertising "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."

Maybe the name *was* good luck. Anyway, Ann kept her walk-on part in "What a Life" on the stage, and last spring when they were auditioning young actresses for the role of Mary in the summer Aldrich Family series, she walked right into the part. Ezra, who had nothing whatever to do with the casting, didn't think she'd get it—she'd only been on the air, in small parts, once or twice and knew practically nothing about how to conduct herself in front of a microphone —but he sent her up to the agency to audition just the same. She won the role in competition with about thirty others, too.

They'd like to get married, Ann and Ezra. There's only one thing that stops them—they're both pretty young and they know it. Two people their age who were still in college wouldn't be so conscious of their youth. But when you're working in a mature world like that of the theater and radio, busy every minute of the day and night with real work, you feel different about things. You know that you have tried marriage and failed at it. You suspect, then, that the wisest thing is to wait a while.

IN the meanwhile—oh, there are a lot of things that make life well worth the living. Working together is one of them—very much one of them. After rehearsal of the Aldrich Family at NBC they can always run out to dinner together, and meet again after the broadcast. Ann can find out how Ezra is getting along at the American Academy, where, a distinguished graduate, he is teaching a course in acting; and Ezra can get from Ann the latest news of what they're saying in Times Square. It's a special language they talk together—partly lover's language, partly theatrical slang, all of it thoroughly comprehensible to each other.

They're happy. Deplorably happy, when you consider that their contentment is built upon a boy's determination to disobey his father and be an actor, and a girl's prevarication in the matter of a name.

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Lady Marguerite Strickland of London (seated, left above)
photographed with Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer of New York

MRS. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer is a charming member of an ancient colonial family which descends from the first Dutch Patroon to settle in America. After dinner, Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Lady Marguerite exchange views about people, travels, preferences in smoking.

"Camels must be quite a favorite over here," says Lady Marguerite. "It seems to me that every time someone offers me a cigarette, it's a Camel."

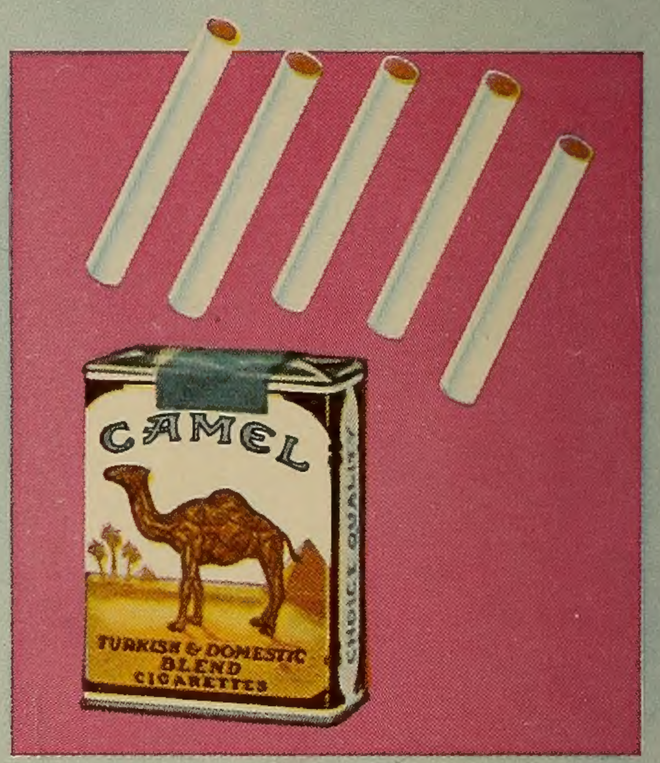
"Oh, yes, we'd much rather smoke Camels!" replies Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "Camels are definitely my favorite—as you can see! They have such grand fragrance, and they're so mild—"

"So I noticed!" agrees Lady Marguerite. "Really delightful to smoke—and to smoke *steadily* too!"

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